

ICD

AUGUST 1954

American

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Rubi's Back and Zsa Zsa's Got Him

By
Irene Corbally Kuhn

A SHORT, slim-waisted smoothie, a swarthy and sophisticated, a veritable Caribbean and Continental Casanova, full of animal vitality, is on the prowl again midst laces and faces, in the lush boudoir jungles of Paris and the Riviera.

— Who dat?

Why, Lover Boy Porfirio Rubirosa, of course, the recent short-term husband of Barbara Hutton. True, Rubi's earlier romance with Zsa Zsa Gabor, his Hungarian Hungry Heart, interrupted by his 73-day marriage to Babs, has been resumed. But since months must elapse before either can wed again legally, it's a good bet something better will come along for ZZ and Rubi before then.

Meantime, these two exhibitionists will milk all the publicity possible from their public goings-on. We can look for an extended period of public petting and pouting, fights, recriminations, separations, reconciliations, all timed and staged to hit page one.

— Porfirio Rubirosa, the 45-year-old Dominican who marries them and leaves them, might be called the "rich woman's Tommy Manville," with this difference: Tommy, the eccentric, 60-year-old North American millionaire whose twin hobbies are matrimony and divorce, has had nine beautiful wives, none of whom was rich. Rubi, the Central American diplomat, has had only four

beautiful wives (so far), none of whom was poor. In fact, two of them, Doris Duke and Barbara Hutton, the local entries, are, literally, the two richest girls in the world, splitting a paltry 350 millions between them.

➤ To hear Rubirosa tell it, he marries the women he falls in love with because they want everything legal.

After the break-up of his brief marriage to the now five-times-wed Hutton heiress, Rubi confessed, with appropriate sad tenderness, that he was always in love with each of the women he married.

— “I married them not because I wanted to, but because women want to marry. Women don’t want to be concubines,” he said. This, in itself, is reason enough for Rubi to inscribe on his coat-of-arms the gallant motto: “Always a bridegroom, never a jerk.”

THE Dominican Don Juan is no shoeless, flop-eared peasant, as has been whispered. He was born in the Dominican Republic, the son of a general turned diplomat who was chargé d’affaires in Paris. Porfirio was educated in France, with a brief hitch in London, and returned to his native Caribbean island when he was 17, to enter the university. He didn’t hit the books very hard, but he learned to sing and play the piano, banjo and guitar. Then he went into the army, where he rose rapidly, becoming a lieutenant at 19 and a captain at 20.

His passion for flashy, outdoor sports was evident early. He captained the Dominican polo team which defeated the Nicaraguan team at a lucky moment for him — just after Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo y Molina became president, in 1930. The new president took a fancy to the dashing young officer and invited him to the Presidential Palace regularly. One day, El Presidente sent the charming youth on a man’s errand — to meet Señorita Flor de Oro Trujillo at the airport and escort her home. The 17-year-old daughter of the president was returning from school in France.

✎ This must have been Porfirio’s really lucky day, because from there on, Flor’s smiles and sighs were all for him, and two years later they were married. Papa Trujillo declared a bank holiday for the Dominican Republic to celebrate the event. How many bridegrooms can make that claim?

— Trujillo’s new son-in-law entered Papa’s service and in 1936, the Rubirosas went to Berlin where Porfirio’s diplomatic career was launched. He became first secretary of the Dominican Legation. A year later he was transferred to Paris.

— But on the Continent Rubi began to act like a Continental and in 1938, Flor left him. “We had a fight and she moved to her cousin’s house,” is the way Rubi closes the book on No. 1.

— At the same time that he lost his wife, he lost his diplomatic job.

Later, however, he was restored to favor when Trujillo himself visited Paris.

— This first time Rubi got fired was not to be the last time he'd be let out then brought back, in what have become a series of periodic suspensions. He was named co-respondent in an unsuccessful divorce suit brought by tobacco heir R. J. Reynolds against his wife, Marianne O'Brien. Then, only last summer, when he was wooing Barbara on a part-time basis in Paris, he figured in another widely publicized divorce case. This time he was named co-respondent in the successful action brought against Joanne Connelly Sweeney by her husband, society golfer Bob Sweeney.

IT WAS almost directly after this little episode that Rubirosa was yanked from his job as minister-counselor in Paris on the formally announced grounds of "personal conduct." But once again, he was restored to his diplomatic berth and all its pleasant perquisites as soon as his engagement to Barbara Hutton was announced.

— As a matter of fact, his credentials had never been lifted by the French, because all these amorous adventures followed each other so fast, that the Dominican Government itself had not sufficient time to make a formal announcement to the French government of Rubi's discharge.

— But this is getting ahead of the marital Rubirosary.

After Flor left him in 1938, Rubirosa fell in love with the glamorous French cinema star, Danielle Darrieux. They met in Vichy after France collapsed, and Rubi moved south with the Free French government. Theirs was a BIG romance, and a long one. They were together much of the early war-time period but they were not married until September 18, 1942, after Rubirosa had been released from luxurious diplomatic internment in Bad Nauheim. The Germans arrested Rubi again, later on, and this time he was interned for 18 months in France. He told a reporter earlier this year that he spent his second internment in France "mostly skiing."

— But it was a different story on a radio program with former model Sloan Simpson, a marital casualty herself. For those who came in late, Miss Simpson married Bill O'Dwyer when he was Mayor of New York, and left him about the time he stopped being United States Ambassador to Mexico.

Miss Simpson took her microphones and tape recorder to the Rubirosa apartment in New York early in April. She questioned Rubi about his experiences in the war, and they talked about the flight of Jewish refugees from Nazi persecution. Here are excerpts from the tape recording of that broadcast:

RUBIROSA — Everybody wants to get away. A lot of Jews came to the consulate and said please let me have a

visa. They wanted to escape. So I gave them all a visa.

SLOAN SIMPSON — And they put you in the clink!

RUBIROSA — For six months. There was a diplomatic exchange then. I went to Lisbon.

SLOAN SIMPSON — Being in a concentration camp in Germany couldn't be a very enjoyable trip.

RUBIROSA — No, because you don't know for how long. They tell you six months. But you don't know how long. You get separated from all the things you like, all the people you love.

SLOAN SIMPSON — It must be awful. But Rubi, you took the chance, by helping other people. I'll bet there are an awful lot of people today who are extremely grateful to you for helping to save their lives by giving them visas or giving them passports — getting them out of the country. I'll bet there are a lot of Jewish people that are very grateful to you for saving their lives.

RUBIROSA — Yes, I'm sure . . .

MR. RUBIROSA's assumption of total credit for heroic rescue work ignores the fact that the Dominican government in 1939 had offered a haven to Hitler-persecuted Jews, and set aside a large and fertile tract of land for them.

Through DORSA (the Dominican Republic Settlement Association) funds were provided to give displaced persons a start in their new home. The representative in Europe, Mr. Solomon Trone, recommended persons for settlement under the

terms of the DORSA agreement. Dominican visas were then given as a routine matter.

It would appear from this that Rubirosa's role in the serious refugee program was slight, and could only have been exercised in signing or stamping necessary papers. At any rate, Bad Nauheim, the fashionable spa where the Germans interned him, was no concentration camp.

Rubi and the beautiful, volatile, French Danielle Darrieux broke up as a result, he asserts, of "mother-in-law trouble," when Miss Darrieux's mother came to live with them. "We started to fight," Rubi said. "It was a very big love and we had said the moment it stops being such a big love we will separate. We will not ruin this thing. So we separate."

Doris Duke, the richest girl in the world, was next. They were married in Paris on September 1, 1947, after a romantic courtship of a year carried on in fashionable resorts.

Rubi and Doris and her \$300,000,000 gave marriage a whirl for 13 months, in Buenos Aires where he was ambassador, and in Paris where they lived in a 200-year-old house on Rue Bellechasse until the neighbors complained. Rubi, it seems, liked to exercise outdoors in the stone-paved courtyard, on a mechanical horse which made a fearful clatter and clank as Rubi rode it madly up and down, up and down. And it was here, too, that Doris took up jazz piano playing in an intense way. This drove Rubi frantic.

So Doris threw in the sponge in October, 1948, and went to Reno where she was able to get a divorce in just three days because she had thoughtfully maintained residence there from the time of her first divorce five years earlier from James H. R. Cromwell.

RUBIROSA says he has never received a penny in settlement from any of his wives, and there is nothing in the record to contradict this. (There's nothing about dowries or handsome gifts that can be proved one way or the other, either.) Nevertheless and notwithstanding, Rubirosa lives on a super-deluxe grand scale, even though his embassy job pays only about \$20,000 a year. This is barely enough to keep his polo ponies and buy gas for the converted B-25 bomber in which he ocean-hops regularly. He says he makes his money now from a fleet of fishing boats he owns and operates in the French Congo. He has a dredging business in the Dominican Republic, and when he was Dominican Ambassador to the Argentine he invested in South American cattle.

• "I always live like a rich man because I do not save my money," he told the press. "I spend it. Why should I keep it? I have no children."

Rubirosa's marriage to Barbara Hutton early this year brought loud public declarations from Zsa Zsa Gabor that Rubi loved her and the bonds with Barbara wouldn't hold. She exhibited a black patch which

covered a black eye she said Rubi gave her (to prove his love) between the announcement of his engagement to Barbara and their marriage right afterwards.

Rubi, always the gentleman, married Barbara because she asked him to, he said.

"I was a bachelor and very happy between my divorce and marrying Barbara and I did not want to change. I fell in love with her. It was fine and it was fun. And then she said 'let's get married.' I said no, because I was afraid she would change. But she said 'I promise not to change.' But she did change. It was no good. . . . She stays in bed and reads all day. It's a very boring life. I like outdoor sports."

• Which brings me back to Sloan Simpson who surely must have been practicing the art of bull-throwing when she signed off on the radio interview with Rubirosa, the bou-doir menace of two continents.

"And now," purred Miss Simpson, "you have met Porfirio Rubirosa and I think you'll agree that he's a man of gentleness, modesty, dignity and quiet charm. I'm grateful to him for extending the hospitality of his home to us, and for allowing us to penetrate for awhile the privacy with which he prefers to surround himself; and I hope you have enjoyed visiting with, and getting to know, the man behind the headline, Porfirio Rubirosa!"

Quick, Watson, the stomach pump!

There's Unclaimed Treasure in TOKYO



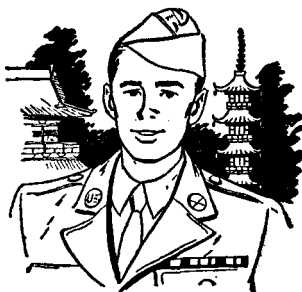
By JOHN DUHIGG



HAVE you ever wondered what happened to the valuables "liberated" by over-zealous GI's? The U. S. Government took a dim view of this type of souvenir collecting and many a barracks bag regretfully yielded "souvenirs" whose value might run to five figures. Now, three hundred thirty-four million dollars' worth of precious metals and stones, presently in the custody of the Japanese government, is slated to be returned to its former owners or other valid claimants. This treasure includes a tub-like pan, tea kettles, miniature treasure-ships and a hundred and one other articles, all made of gold.

Immediately after the termination of the Pacific War, the Occupation Forces impounded precious metals — bars, wares, coins, and gems — under the Potsdam Declaration, and took custody of them. Most are now in vaults of the Bank of Japan and Osaka and Tokyo Mints. According to a high official of the Finance Ministry, the rough breakdown of their quantity is: 169 tons of gold bullion; almost two million gold coins; a ton of platinum; 2,300 silver ingots; diamonds totaling 161,000 carats; and 700 other gems.

Actually, a relatively small portion of this vast treasure was confiscated from liberating GI's — prob-

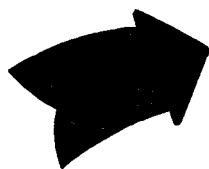


ably not more than a couple of million dollars' worth. Most of the gold was purchased from the people by the Japanese government soon after the China affair, which it promised to sell back after the war. The gold of this category is slated to be released in exchange for the receipts issued at the time of purchase.

However, diamonds, coins, sapphires and objects of art were either seized by the government without any condition during the Pacific War or "liberated," and will not be returned to their former owners.

Though claimants for the hoarded treasures run into the millions, it is obvious that the Japanese government will be the big winner. However, all claims will be justly evaluated, so if you happened to be strolling through Tokyo in the fall of 1945 and "liberated" any gold bars or silver ingots, you may have a valid claim.

BY ALLAN J. RYAN, M.D.



WILL YOU *gamble* ON SMOKING?

LET'S STOP kidding ourselves about the effects of cigarette smoking. While scientists are investigating the part that excessive smoking may play in producing or accelerating the growth of lung cancer, little or no attention is being paid to other well-known effects of smoking. Because they haven't had much publicity, you may think that these effects are of trivial importance. Don't be fooled — any one of them might kill you.

Take the case of the three-and-one-half million people in this country who suffer from asthma. There is no question that this condition, which affects the bronchial tubes and which appears often in infancy, is not caused by smoking. There is equally no question that smoking will precipitate acute attacks in those persons who have developed the changes associated with chronic asthma. Even the presence of tobacco smoke in the room will induce attacks in asthmatic children.



The progress of the disease, which culminates either in heart failure or the continuous condition of asthmatic

attacks known as "status asthmaticus," is accelerated by the occurrence of acute attacks. It, therefore, goes without saying that people with asthma should not smoke, and that smoking should not occur in the presence of those with asthma in its chronic state, particularly children.

Bronchiectasis is a condition caused by an enlargement of certain of the smaller bronchial tubes. The changes are of a permanent nature and are usually associated with chronic or repeated infections. The inhalation of tobacco smoke serves further to irritate the inflamed areas in the lung, causing increased secretion with cough and promoting persistence and spread of the disease and sometimes hemorrhage. Over 1,700,000 young and older people in our country alone are afflicted with chronic bronchitis and bronchiectasis and many of them are smokers.

Progress in lung surgery has helped some of these sufferers to be cured, but thousands more might be able to control their symptoms without surgery if they'd stop smoking.

• Cancer of the lip and mouth affects 50,000 people in the United States every year. It arises usually from areas of mucous membrane which have developed the thickened white appearance doctors term leukoplakia. These areas are seen commonly in the mouths of those who are chronic, heavy smokers. They can be cleared up entirely solely by the discontinuance of smoking. Records of the Memorial Hospital in New York City indicate the marked frequency of the habit of heavy smoking among patients admitted there with mouth and lip cancer as compared to patients with other conditions. Cancer of the vocal cords is also found much more commonly in heavy smokers than in those who abstain.

• **D**ISEASES of the heart and blood vessels are responsible for more deaths in this country every year than any other disease condition. Deaths from these causes are almost three times as common as from the next leading cause, which is cancer. It is a commonplace observation that physicians advise people who suffer from narrowing or closure of the small arteries of the heart itself, usually termed "coronary disease," to discontinue smoking. They do so because the smoking of a single

cigarette can be demonstrated to produce constriction of small arteries in other parts of the body, such as the fingers, where the effect can be easily measured. Chest pain sometimes known as "angina," which indicates lack of blood flowing to the heart muscle, will occur in these people following the smoking of only a single cigarette. The smoking history of many patients with coronary artery disease reveals that they started smoking early in life and have smoked steadily and heavily since then.

• The smoking of a cigarette is popularly supposed to "calm the nerves." One of the signs of excessive smoking, however, is increased nervousness and irritability. Those millions of persons suffering from high blood pressure or "hypertension" are supposed to avoid sources of nervous stimulation which elevate their pressure. Constriction of the small arteries tends to cause a rise in blood pressure, which will naturally have an unfavorable effect in their conditions. We have already noted that this is one of the effects of cigarette smoking.

• A serious condition which affects the blood vessels of the arms and legs particularly is commonly known as "Buerger's Disease." In this disease, clotting of blood in the small arteries leads to gangrene of fingers and toes, eventually requiring major amputations if it is not controlled. Although there is little question that this condition is not caused by

smoking, it is unmercifully aggravated by it. Those seriously afflicted are almost invariably heavy smokers, and the high incidence of major amputations occurring in this group can be directly related to their refusal to give up smoking, even in the face of steady progression of their disease.

• The occurrence of leg cramps in elderly persons with hardening of the arteries in their legs, as one manifestation of a general arteriosclerosis, can be relieved and often entirely abated by the discontinuance of smoking. The thin flow of blood coursing through the narrowed artery may be shut off momentarily by spasm resulting from the smoking of tobacco. With the general increase in the average age of our population, this has become a very serious problem. The complication of this condition by diabetes further increases the hazard to life and limb and calls for a complete evaluation of the true effects of smoking on our oldsters.

• **T**HE INCREASE of ulcers of the stomach and duodenum provides increasing evidence of the nerve-racked state of our civilization. It has been fairly said that nervous tension, whether related to worry, insecurity, or instability, is the only cause of these ulcers we call "peptic." The majority of these ulcers can be cured by medical management, which is directed at reducing nervous tension and neutralizing the natural acidity of the stomach

contents, which is usually very high in the ulcer patient. Because the smoking of tobacco causes a measurable rise in the amount of acid secreted by the stomach, it is the observation of most physicians that whatever treatment is prescribed in the way of diet, medication or psychotherapy will be of limited or of no avail if smoking is continued. Likewise, they have observed complete relief of symptoms without any other form of treatment, in patients who have simple ulcers, by the discontinuance of smoking. Approximately two per cent of our population, or about 3,600,000 people, are affected by peptic ulcer. Should not this be of importance to them?

• This by no means exhausts the list of well-recognized diseases whose course is affected by tobacco smoking. Since they affect roughly ten per cent of our population, and if it is assumed that at any given time there is very little overlapping of the groups involved, this must appear to be a matter of overwhelming importance in the over-all problem of the nation's health. Why is it then that we hear so little about it?

• In the first place, the tremendous advertising pressure applied by the tobacco companies is organized and effective. People are persuaded to buy their cigarettes not by the pack but by the carton. They are cozened by every means short of outright dishonesty to believe that the smoking of the proper cigarette will not

produce any harmful effect, and that observations of that nature have been made by leading physicians and research scientists.

Secondly, physicians themselves are among the worst offenders as far as heavy smoking is concerned. They are reluctant to admit the evidence with which they are constantly confronted in their patients and in the medical literature, because to recognize its validity would place them in an embarrassing position. They would have to abandon the habit to which they are attached or publicly admit their inability to take their own advice.

Many doctors do attempt the double game of forbidding it to their patients while indulging in smoking themselves. The patient has only to be slightly observant to reach the conclusion either that he is being hoodwinked or his physician does not know what he is talking about. The actions as well as the words of the medical community are carefully noted. No amount of publicity could ever overcome the effect of the medical profession discontinuing the habit of smoking themselves.

Third, there is a natural reluctance on the part of all of us to believe that any action which produces pleasure can really be bad for us. Although the pleasure which some derive from smoking is undeniable, it is only momentary, requiring frequent repetitions of the act to sustain the enjoyment. How it can compensate for the burning of

tongue, mouth and throat, the coughing, the morning-after taste, and the lack of taste for food, not to mention the symptoms caused by the aggravation of the various chronic diseases already mentioned, is hard to imagine. You can hardly discuss the question with a smoker without his remarking that it is a dirty, expensive habit, which he wishes he could give up — and yet how few do.

FINALLY, and akin to the last point, so many attempts to abolish the smoking habit have been associated with "Blue-nose" or other types of reform movements, that they have assumed the elements of a moral crusade, which they should certainly not be. Those physicians who feel strongly on the subject are afraid for the most part to expose themselves to public ridicule as a kill-joy or spoil-sport. They feel it is useless to try to combat the accumulated pressure and tradition in favor of smoking, which it should be remembered, goes back only a little over three hundred years in our civilization.

People today are clamoring to be treated as adults. They want to know the truth about every physiological and medical problem from sex to cancer. Can they face the answers to these complex questions if they cannot face up to the simple facts about the destructive effects on their bodies of what begins merely as a bad habit?



BLOOD ON THE HILL

By Richard Milne

THE dark stains on the circling marble stairway from the House of Representatives to the Speaker's dining room on the ground floor of the Capitol went unnoticed in all the excitement following the March, 1954, shooting of five congressmen. But they are a grim reminder of a bitter feud that ended almost sixty-four years ago to the day with the fatal shooting of a former member of the House, Representative Taulbee.

Capitol Hill has been the scene of many torrid debates, some leading to fist fights and bloodshed; it also has seen its share of lunatics, malcontents and persons with real or fancied grudges.

The violence that has erupted on "The Hill" has been sprinkled over the years — and it will continue to punctuate the sessions of Congress as long as tempers flare or minds lose reason.

When four Puerto Rican fanatics sprayed the half-filled House chamber with bullets on March 1, they added a new, more shocking chapter to the blood-stained history of Capitol Hill.

In the years since Senator Charles Sumner of Massachusetts was caned at his desk in 1856, two other members of the upper chamber have been targets of would-be assassins. The shooting of Representative William P. Taulbee, of Kentucky, a year after he left office, is the only recorded fatality.

Visitors to the House gallery the day the Puerto Ricans went wild probably were unaware of the only other known attempt to harm members of that body during a session. But the event goes back only twenty-one years, and earned for former Representative Melvin J. Maas, of Minnesota, a Carnegie Silver Medal for heroism.

Maas, a retired Marine Corps general, who served in both World Wars, remembers the day — December 16, 1932 — when a young man almost threw the House into panic by waving a pistol and demanding to speak.

"He wanted to make a speech on how to end the depression," Maas recalls. "Congressman LaGuardia

(later mayor of New York) ducked out to run upstairs and get into the gallery, while I talked to him from the floor."

The youth leveled his gun at Maas and demanded 20 minutes.

"I said, 'Sure, son, but you'll have to give me that gun first,'" Maas recalled. "He said, 'Okay,' but he

It turned out he was a crack pistol shot.

REPRESENTATIVE TAULBEE was shot fatally February 28, 1890, as he descended the steps from the House floor to the Speaker's dining room after attending a session. His assailant was Charles E. Kincaid, a



cocked the gun and it didn't have a safety. Then he tossed it down to me. Luckily, I caught it, because it had a hair-trigger and if it had landed on the floor it would have gone off."

The former congressman said he talked to the young man, "a nice young fellow, just worried about the depression."

correspondent of the *Louisville Times*, who had been punched by the ex-congressman during an earlier encounter outside the House chamber.

Taulbee had been "after" Kincaid because of articles the reporter had written linking his name to a Patent Office scandal. When the pair came face to face outside the House, they obviously were mismatched. Taulbee

was a brawny individual, not quite forty. Kincaid is described as "slight and sickly."

Although he was an ordained minister, Taulbee still relied on his fists when necessary to put across a point. And he was angered by Kincaid's stories. He punched the reporter. Kincaid complained that he was in no condition to fight.

"I am unarmed," he protested.

"Then you'd better be armed," Taulbee warned.

Kincaid went for a gun, returned to the Capitol and met Taulbee on the stairway from the House floor. He fired one bullet at the surprised enemy, who fell down the stairs, blood gushing from a head wound. Taulbee died eleven days later, but Kincaid was acquitted.

While Kincaid literally "got away with murder," men who went gunning for two senators were packed off to Washington's famed St. Elizabeth's hospital. Senator Charles B. Henderson of Nevada was shot the day after his term expired in 1921 by a man with a twenty-year "grudge." Another grudge was the reason given for the attempt to wound Senator John W. Bricker of Ohio in 1947.

Henderson was clearing up affairs in his office March 5, 1921. He was seated at his desk in the Senate Office Building when Charles A. Grock, a man in his sixties, walked in and shot him in the right arm.

Grock was captured in the corridor by another senator's secretary.

He later told police that he had been a rancher in Nevada, and had been successful until "the bad winter of 1895-96." He said he lost 3,800 steers and other cattle "and my trouble with the ex-senator began then." He said "dealings" with Henderson's firm had been unsatisfactory. He was arrested, then forced to leave the state.

GROCK came to Washington during Henderson's term, but stayed away from the senator's office, nursing the grudge. When Henderson lost the 1920 election, Grock decided he would face the lawmaker "and get some satisfaction." Before his commitment to St. Elizabeth's, Grock said he had avoided Henderson during his term because he was afraid of being sent to a hospital for the insane!

The other lunatic was William L. Kaiser, who fired two shots at Senator Bricker July 12, 1947, as the Ohio legislator was walking toward the Capitol subway in the Senate Office Building. Kaiser had lost his job as a Capitol policeman two months earlier, but blamed an old "grudge" for his attempt on Bricker's life. Kaiser said he had lost money in 1932 when Bricker, then attorney general of Ohio, liquidated a Columbus building and loan firm in which the man had deposited money.

He protested the shots, both of which went wild, were intended only "to refresh Senator Bricker's

memory." Kaiser was committed to St. Elizabeth's after two psychiatrists testified he was suffering from an organic brain disease. He was given a brain tumor operation shortly after commitment, but died of coronary thrombosis early in 1948.

Another man who died shortly after attacking a legislator was himself a member of Congress. Representative Preston S. Brooks of South Carolina perpetrated the most violent assault in the history of Congress prior to the mass Puerto Rican foray.

Brooks's historic caning of Senator Sumner occurred May 22, 1856, during heated debate over admission of Kansas as a free or slave state.

A violent foe of slavery, Sumner launched a vitriolic attack upon the Southern States, May 19, carrying it over to the next day. Sumner bitterly assailed the administration of President Franklin Pierce, and made cutting references to his arch foe, Senator Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois.

Sumner then turned his ire on aging Senator Andrew P. Butler of South Carolina, declaring the senator "had chosen a mistress to whom he has made his vows, and who, though ugly to others, is always lovely to him; though polluted in the sight of the world, is chaste in his sight; I mean the harlot Slavery."

When Brooks read the attack upon his uncle, he marched over to

the Senate wing of the Capitol. A young veteran of the Mexican war, Brooks caught the older man writing letters at his desk.

"MR. SUMNER," he said, "I have read your speech carefully and with as much impartiality as was possible, and I feel it my duty to tell you that you have libeled my state and slandered a relative who is aged and absent, and I am come to punish you for it." Brooks then lifted a heavy cane and struck Sumner repeatedly on the head until he was crumpled unconscious to the floor in a pool of blood.

The incident electrified the nation. Brooks was praised throughout the South by its leaders and newspapers. In the North, the attack had the effect of uniting the section in firm opposition to slavery.

A move to expel Brooks from the House failed. After pleading guilty in court to the assault, he was fined \$300. He resigned his seat and went home, where he got a hero's welcome from his constituents.

Brooks's friends gave him a banquet and a new cane inscribed "use knockdown arguments." He was immediately re-elected, but died January 27, 1857.

Sumner was incapacitated for three and one-half years, but lived to become chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations committee during the Civil War.



World Council of Churches

BY J. B. MATTHEWS

BISHOP G. BROMLEY OXNAM goes on trial in Evanston, Illinois, August 15-31, 1954, not before a Congressional committee but before the bar of public opinion. If he indulges in the kind of evasion, distortion, and misstatement of fact which characterized his sworn testimony before the House Committee on Un-American Activities, he will stand convicted of incompetence and unfitness to lead the Protestant ecclesiastical forces in the hour of Christendom's most crucial test of twenty centuries.

• Bishop Oxnam is one of the presidents of the World Council of Churches.

The Second Assembly of the World Council of Churches will be held at Northwestern University in Evanston in August of this year, the First (and founding) Assembly having been held in Amsterdam, Holland, the latter part of August, 1948.

• During the second half of August, the news interest of the entire religious, and much of the secular,

world will be focused upon Evanston, Illinois. Millions of people will learn for the first time about this suburb of Chicago, although Evanston has long been an important educational and religious center of the United States.

• Protestant church delegates and observers, thousands of them, will stream to Evanston from many parts of the globe, including countries behind the Iron Curtain whose delegates will be Communist stooges.



Composition of the World Council

In a printed leaflet, the World Council of Churches announced that its constituent denominational bodies, as of January 1, 1954, numbered 161 churches in 48 countries.

The Council then proceeded to group all of its constituent members under 49 (not 48) geographical headings and 1 non-geographical heading. The discrepancy between the figures 49 and 48 may be explained by the fact that both Australia and Australasia are listed, the former

being encompassed by the latter and, therefore, not a separate country.

• Under the single non-geographical heading, *Other Churches*, two denominations are listed; namely, the Esthonian Evangelical Lutheran Church and the Lithuanian Reformed Church. The question arises as to why these two churches were not listed under the geographical heading, U.S.S.R. Was it a piece of trickery calculated to avoid naming the Soviet Union as the 49th country in which the World Council has constituent bodies? If so, it was a thin disguise, for the Council openly proclaimed that it has member bodies in China, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland, and Rumania, all of which are Soviet satellites.

— In China, there are four members of the WCC; in Czechoslovakia, three; in Hungary, two; in Poland, two; and in Rumania, three. The ecclesiastical heads of these 14 denominations in the Iron Curtain countries are stooges of their Communist regimes.

• Proof that the heads of these Protestant churches in the Iron Curtain countries accept and disseminate the propaganda of their Communist governments is voluminous and conclusive. Two examples of this proof must suffice for the present.

• Under date of June 28, 1952, a group of 410 Protestant church leaders in China addressed a letter to the

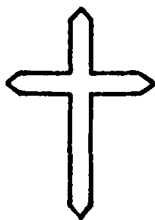
Red Dean of Canterbury, Hewlett Johnson. The letter reads as follows:

We Christians of China would like to report to you an inhuman and anti-Christian crime recently committed by the American aggressors, which is the bacteriological warfare they have launched against the Chinese and the Korean people. Rev. Wang Tzu-chung of the Peking Congregational

Church went to Korea and North-East China as a representative of the Chinese religious circles and saw with his own eyes the various germ-laden insects dropped by the U.S. armed forces as well as shells of containers carrying insects. He collected with his own hands a great many evi-

dences of the American bacteriological warfare. Many of our Christian doctors have witnessed the germ-disseminating insects and other carriers spread by the American aggressive forces, and taken active part in making every effort to defeat the American bacteriological warfare. We Chinese Christians confirm that the crimes of the bacteriological warfare committed by the American aggressors are irrefutable and undeniable. For the sake of humanity, righteousness and world peace, we want to appeal to the Christians throughout the world to raise protest so as to put a stop to the atrocious deeds of the American aggressors in massacring Chinese and Korean people with bacteriological weapons.

Bishop Albert Bereczky of Hungary is one of the prominent Protestant leaders in that country with



whom the leaders of the World Council of Churches maintain cordial relations. Not long ago, Bishop Bereczky addressed a message to the WCC, which reads, in part, as follows:

Some time ago I heard that a leader of Chinese Christians sent a message to Western Protestants to the effect that they, the Chinese, have, thank God, come under Communist rule and now the Churches can go on freely with their work . . . We, too, would like to ask the Western Protestant Churches, and particularly the World Council of Churches: Let their eyes and hearts be open to the countries which walk on the road to socialism.

Such are the leaders of the Protestant churches in the Iron Curtain countries who are welcomed into the fellowship of the World Council of Churches. It is interesting to speculate on what would have happened to American Protestant leaders if they had maintained similar relations with ecclesiastical stooges of the Nazis.

The Trial at Evanston

The test to be faced at Evanston in the seventeen days of August 15-31 can be stated as follows: In a period of world history when the very survival of Judeo-Christian (often called Western) civilization is at stake, does the so-called leadership of the Protestant churches of the West possess the requisite spiritual insight and moral courage to

meet the challenge which is implicit in the global crisis of 1954?

On the record to date, the leadership of the World Council of Churches is tragically bankrupt in both spiritual insight and moral courage with respect to the collectivist-Communist-totalitarian barbarism which threatens to engulf the whole world.

While the world burns, literally and figuratively, Protestantism's Top Brass, as represented in the personnel of the World Council of Churches and the National Council of Churches, fiddles with an instrument called *ecumenicity*.

What Is Ecumenicity?

The American public might as well learn now the meaning of the word *ecumenicity* and its variant, *ecumenism*. It will be heard again and again at Evanston. It will appear in news dispatches from the Second Assembly of the World Council of Churches. It has been the keynote of all the advance publicity of the gathering; and it will be the dominant theme of the meeting in Chicago's prosperous and interesting suburb.

Ecumenicity is derived from the Greek word *oikoumenikos*, meaning the inhabited world.

The goal envisioned by the leaders of the Protestant ecclesiastical majority is a world-wide fellowship, more or less loosely organized, which transcends all geographical boundaries, a kind of ecclesiastical UN.

Ecumenicity, *in effect*, means glossing over, for the sake of an imaginary unity, all doctrinal, ritualistic, cultural and ideological conflicts, no matter how sharp.

☛ The leaders of Protestant churches behind the Iron Curtain are welcomed into this ecumenical "family" or ecclesiastical UN, regardless of the fact that they are Charlie McCarthys to the ventriloquist, Malenkov. Their families will be Malenkov's hostages while they are in Evanston.

☛ Ecumenicity is an idle and dangerous dream if it means an effort to achieve unity by bringing together religious leaders who believe in freedom under God on the one hand and those who temporize with slavery under Communism on the other. In a word, appeasement rather than unity is the most likely result; and the world does not need a religious Yalta.

Ecumenical Press Service

The World Council of Churches, in conjunction with international religious bodies of kindred spirits, publishes a weekly news bulletin entitled *Ecumenical Press Service*.

One impressive fact stands out in the reporting of *Ecumenical Press Service* on "news" from behind the Iron Curtain: It consistently glosses over the issues of the world-wide struggle between the Soviet conspiracy and the rest of humanity. This is accomplished by reporting to Christian readers in the United

States a mass of trivia concerning ecclesiastical doings in the centers of Communist slavery.

We read, for example, a dispatch from Bulgaria which reports that the Theological Academy in Sofia celebrated its 30th anniversary on December 8, 1953, and that in the course of these thirty years the institution "has given to the Church 3 metropolitans, 8 bishops, 16 archimandrites, 274 parish priests, 16 hieromonks, 9 proto-deacons, hiero-deacons and deacons."

☛ From Czechoslovakia, *Ecumenical Press Service* reported that the 11th Synod of the Evangelical Church of the Czech Brethren, held in Prague, October 29, 1953, "decided to ordain women who had completed their studies in theology and to allow them to carry out their spiritual duties."

☛ From Shanghai, *Ecumenical Press Service* reported that a group of religious organizations has put out a Christian calendar for 1954 which is "suited to the new era." There was not a hint about *what* is suited to the new era.

From Hungary, *Ecumenical Press Service* carried the following story:

The Bishop of Chichester, Dr. G. K. A. Bell [chairman of the central committee of the WCC], Mrs. Bell, and Dr. W. A. Visser 't Hooft [general secretary of the WCC] were in Budapest from February 6 to 11, to visit the Reformed and Lutheran Churches and to discuss the preparations being made for the Second As-

sembly of the World Council of Churches.

On Sunday they preached [about what?] to large congregations . . . The following two days were devoted to a study conference . . . Professor J. Hromadka represented the Czechoslovak churches. Bishop Bereczky [the same Bishop Bereczky quoted above] opened the meeting and emphasized that at this conference the main purpose should be to clarify the biblical foundation of the Christian hope . . . An impressive account was given of the ecumenical activities in the congregations. This showed that a determined attempt is being made to give church members a sense of personal participation in the ecumenical movement and in the spiritual preparation for the Evanston Assembly . . . The visitors expressed their gratitude for the thorough preparations which the Hungarian Churches are making for the Second Assembly.

It would be interesting to know what, if anything, the Bishop of Chichester and Dr. Visser 't Hooft said about Cardinal Mindzenty during their stay in Hungary.

Now, let us take a closer look at the theory and philosophy of the World Council of Churches, as expressed by its general secretary.

Now You See It — Now You Don't

Dr. W. A. Visser 't Hooft is general secretary of the World Council of Churches. As such, he is the chief spokesman of the organization.

On May 23rd of this year, Dr. Visser 't Hooft addressed the 166th

General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., in Detroit, Michigan. This is the denomination of which the Reverend John A. Mackay was 1953-54 Moderator.

In his address to the Presbyterians, Dr. Visser 't Hooft entertained his audience with the age-old sleight-of-hand shell game.

In one breath (or under one shell), the WCC general secretary declared that one of the main purposes of the World Council of Churches is to bring together theologians and churchmen "from widely different backgrounds who may hold divergent views concerning secular affairs." This, as the context clearly indicated, was a reference to the World Council's bringing together at Evanston, in August, Communist and pro-Communist churchmen from Iron Curtain countries and anti-Communist, non-Communist, and anti-anti-Communist churchmen from the so-called free world. To describe the struggle of the ages — Christian freedom versus Communist slavery — as a matter of "divergent views concerning secular affairs" is an all-time prize understatement.

In the next breath (or under another shell), Dr. Visser 't Hooft declared, in effect, that nothing in the world today is secular. He averred that the World Council of Churches has adopted the "common conviction that in the last analysis all public issues are spiritual issues" [presumably including Communism,

anti-Communism, McCarthyism, theism, atheism, sex, taxation, and singing commercials, to mention only a few "public issues."]

To summarize the contradictions and confusion of the World Council of Churches, it is clear that the ecumenism of the WCC is designed to bring together, in a "spiritual unity," men of "divergent views concerning secular affairs," thus rationalizing the collaboration of non-Communists and Communists. But, says Dr. Visser 't Hooft, there are no secular affairs, because "in the last analysis all public issues are spiritual issues," thus rationalizing the mixing of politics and religion.

The spiritual softness of the leaders of the World Council of Churches toward Communism has its counterpart in their political hardness toward Senator McCarthy and all others who dare to speak clearly and forthrightly on the subject of the greatest threat ever to confront mankind.

Personnel of the World Council

The American speakers and consultants who have been announced as participating in the Evanston Assembly are not the kind to reassure the Christians of America that the subject of Communism will be dealt with as the supreme threat of the ages.

The World Council has announced the names of 40 American consultants to the Evanston Assembly. Twenty-seven of them have records

of collaboration with the Communist-front apparatus.

Space does not permit an extended discussion of the Communist-front records of all the speakers and consultants; but it is highly pertinent to call attention to the fact that one of the major addresses at Evanston will be delivered by The Reverend John A. Mackay.

Dr. Mackay is president of the International Missionary Council, a body which has a cooperative relationship with the World Council of Churches. It will be recalled that Dr. Mackay is the author of the statement that "anti-Communism is more dangerous than Communism." It would require a sizeable pamphlet to enumerate the details of Dr. Mackay's collaboration with the Communist-front apparatus. A single example must suffice for the present.

On September 11, 1941, Charles A. Lindbergh delivered a speech in Des Moines, Iowa, in which he warned against America's entrance into what was then the European War.

The Communists, whose Soviet "fatherland" had been invaded by the Nazis a few weeks earlier, were screaming for American entrance into the war. They promptly treated Lindbergh to one of the most vicious smear campaigns ever directed by the Communist conspiracy against any American.

The Communist magazine, *Protestant Digest*, took over the leadership

of the smear-Lindbergh conspiracy. In its issue of September 27, 1941, the *Daily Worker* (Communist Party newspaper) announced in a page-one story that *Protestant Digest* had enlisted "700 churchmen" in a denunciation of Lindbergh.

Protestant Digest claimed to have obtained the signatures of the "700 churchmen" to a statement denouncing Lindbergh in such intemperate and typically Communist language that it will surely strike the average American as almost unbelievable.

- One paragraph of the smear-Lindbergh statement reads as follows:

This Lindbergh speech is the beginning of the last phase of a definite plan to destroy democratic government in this country. It marks a dire threat to our way of life, our humanness, our very existence as an independent free people.

The Communist-composed statement went on to accuse Lindbergh of an attempt to "strike down" Jesus of Nazareth:

Catholic and Protestant alike will tremble to read these words of the Lindbergh they have loved; for these words strike down not the Jew, but a Jew, Jesus of Nazareth, whom they have been taught to revere.

The *Daily Worker* reported that John A. Mackay, president of Princeton Theological Seminary, had signed his name to *Protestant Digest's* statement.

Among other distinguished heads

of Protestant theological seminaries whose names were reported as signers of the statement was Henry Sloane Coffin, president of Union Theological Seminary. Also reported among the signers were eleven bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The target of this vicious Communist smear campaign was the same Charles A. Lindbergh whose name President Eisenhower recently sent to the United States Senate for confirmation as a brigadier general.

This was one of the most despicable campaigns ever launched by the Communist Party.

Protestant Digest

This magazine first saw the light of day with its issue dated December, 1938. From the very beginning, it was obviously a Communist publication.

The magazine soon dropped the word *Digest* from its name and became *The Protestant*. Under this name, it was published in New York City until 1951, when it was moved to Nova Scotia. In July, 1953, the name was changed to *One*.

Kenneth Leslie, a Canadian Baptist clergyman, has been editor of the magazine throughout its existence.

In the more than fifteen years of its publication, Leslie's magazine rarely carried, in any issue, less than half a dozen articles which were vehemently pro-Soviet and just as vehemently anti-Catholic. Any reader with his eyes half open could see

that Kenneth Leslie and his magazine were ardent Communist propagandists.

Nevertheless, and notwithstanding the obvious, Dr. John A. Mackay was listed on the masthead of the magazine as an "editorial advisor" from June 1941 to 1946, a period of almost five years. This, be it noted, was a case of collaboration with a Communist propaganda medium and not a case of "guilt by association."

Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, one of the presidents of the World Council of Churches, was also an editorial advisor of *The Protestant* for many years.

More than four hundred Protestant leaders in the National Council of Churches, which for all practical purposes constitutes the American section of the World Council, were publicly recorded as supporters of *The Protestant*.

DEFINITION OF A BOY

By E. G. JACKE

A boy is a bank where you may deposit your most precious treasure — the hard-won wisdom, the dreams for a better world. A boy can guard and protect these, and perhaps invest them wisely and earn a profit longer than you ever dreamed.

A boy will inherit your world. All your work will be judged by him. Tomorrow he will take your seat in Congress, own your company, run your town. The future is his and through him the future is yours. Perhaps he deserves a little more of your attention now.

— ANONYMOUS

☆☆☆

The person who wrote this understood himself. He knew why he did certain things and why he refused to do certain other things. He knew that

before he could help others understand themselves, he, the author, had to understand himself. Without understanding, there is no control; and without control there can be no improvement.

Many men feel ill at ease when they read about the temptations of our boys. But as they meet them, perhaps finding some carelessly clothed, they find in them a heart that is warm and kind.

Fathers, we do not change a boy by thinking of his situation. We change the situation by thinking with the boy. Team play strengthens the boy not merely through the muscle exercise involved, but through the sport of comradeship.

So let us never give our sons only the shred and tatter of our day. His needs are too many and urgent.

TOPS IN DIAMONDS

By VIRGINIA WEISS

ADVENTURE, intrigue and crime have surrounded some of the largest, most famous diamonds of history. Trade with the jewel-laden caravans and exotic bazaars of the Orient was carried on by merchant-travelers from Europe. One of them was Jean-Baptiste Tavernier, a French jeweler, who traveled extensively in the Far East trading in costly jewels.

In the court of the Great Mogul of India, Tavernier sketched and described a great "rose-cut" diamond, weighing about 240 carats, having the form of an egg cut through the middle and worth, in his estimation, more than \$4,000,000. The stone was then in the possession

of the Great Mogul, hence its name. The diamond had been found about the year 1650 in the Kollur mine, then a rough stone of 787 carats in weight. The first owner, Emir Jemla, had been an important official in the Kingdom of Golconda. Unhappily for him, his great wealth made him the target for the jealous hatred of fellow officials. Jemla left Golconda, and to show his allegiance to the Mogul Emperor presented him magnificent gifts, among them the great diamond. The ill-fated emperor had little time to enjoy his splendid gem. His son usurped the throne, threw his father into prison and seized the coveted diamond.

The world might never have heard of the Great Mogul diamond had not Tavernier seen it and recorded its history, for we have no knowledge of the stone since 1665. It may, of course, have reappeared in a different cutting with another name.

The Kohinoor, another monarch among gems, is more famous than any other gem, yet it is not the largest nor most brilliant. It is not even of first quality, its color faintly tinged with gray. Its fame is due in part to the adventures and crime which were associated with it. It was in the possession of the Great Moguls for several centuries under the name of the Sultan Baber.

The story of its rechristening begins with another war. In 1739, Nadir Shah of Persia conquered the Mogul capital. Nadir's true desire was to capture the great diamond owned by the dethroned Mogul ruler, Mohammed. It was rumored that the coveted stone was set in an eye of one of the peacocks forming the peacock throne. When questioned, Mohammed claimed to be as mystified as anyone over the disappearance of the stone.

It so happened that a woman of the harem knew, and she informed Nadir that Mohammed concealed it in the turban which he wore night and day. History does not explain why Nadir did not openly snatch Mohammed's turban and take the stone. Rather, he chose to profess great friendship toward

Mohammed — even to restoring his kingdom amid Oriental pomp and ceremony. With this warmth of friendly feeling toward Mohammed, Nadir cunningly proposed that they exchange turbans — an Eastern custom to signify affection. Refuse, he dared not, so Mohammed passed his turban to Nadir, who rushed off and eagerly began unwinding his priceless token of "friendship."

Out rolled the great blazing diamond. In delighted amazement, Nadir exclaimed, "Kohinoor!" (Mountain of Light) and thus named it. But possession of the Kohinoor brought ill luck to Nadir. He was murdered and the stone came by inheritance to his grandson, Shah Rukh. Almost invariably, ill luck followed the fateful Kohinoor and those who possessed it.

After death of the last Indian owner, the diamond remained in the treasury at Lahore until 1849. At that time the English took over the territory. According to the terms of conquest, the famous stone became the property of the British Government. It now reposes in the jewel room of the Tower of London and is worn on special occasions by Her Majesty the Queen.

The largest diamond in all gem history was found at the Premier Mine, South Africa, on January 25, 1905. A mine manager named Wells noticed the strangely glittering fragment dazzling in the late sunlight. He stopped to investigate. After the stone was freed from its rock

matrix, it weighed over one-and-a-third pounds, and even at that, due to its structure, it is believed to be only a cleavage fragment of a still larger stone. It was named "The Cullinan" in honor of Sir Thomas Cullinan, owner of the mine.

DUE to its extremely large size it was feared there would be difficulty finding a purchaser. This problem was solved when the Transvaal Government paid around \$750,000 for the stone to present to King Edward VII on his birthday, November 9, 1907. The king expressed the wish to see the stone before it was cut. Inspecting the big, irregularly-shaped crystal King Edward remarked, "This is a great curiosity; but I should have kicked it aside as a lump of glass if I had seen it in the road."

The monarch entrusted the diamond to the well-known firm of Asscher and Company, Amsterdam.

As he worked, the diamond cutter was attended by doctors lest a slip of his hand bring on heart failure. Months were spent dividing the Cullinan and faceting the nine large diamonds and ninety-six smaller ones. All were set in the British crown jewels.

Another important diamond was picked up in the alluvial sands of Elandsfontein, Pretoria, South Africa, January 16, 1934. The quality of this stone is superior to that of any of the large famous diamonds. The "Jonker," as it is called, was

second in size only to the Cullinan.

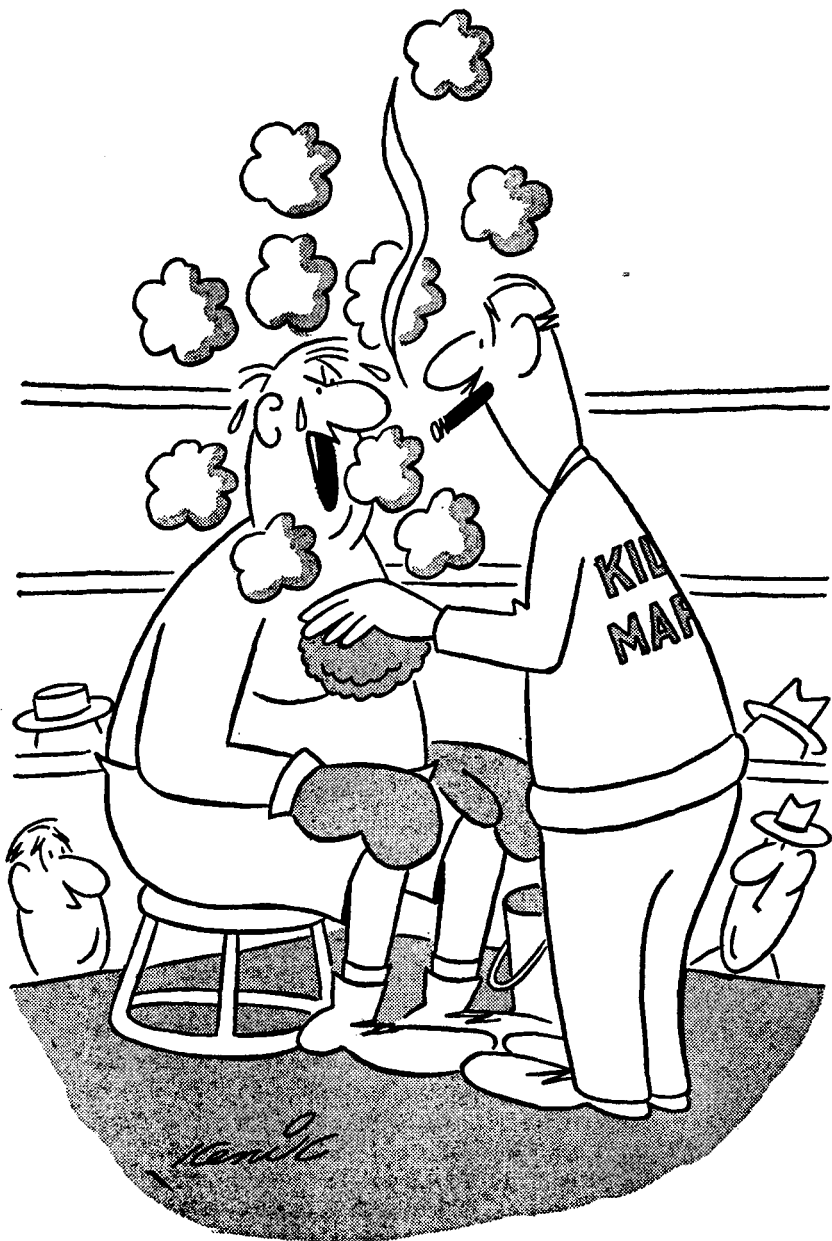
A poor prospector, Jacobus Jonker, deposited his treasure in the vaults of the Diamond Corporation. In the rough this stone weighed 726 carats and was valued at \$315,000.

Sold, its new owners decided to have it cut, but what would be the best way to cleave the diamond? Authorities disagreed. Finally, Lazare Kaplan was chosen for the job.

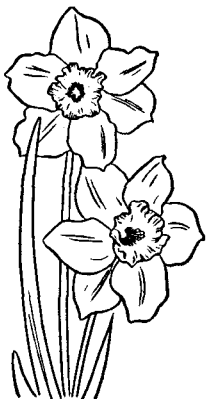
Months were spent analyzing and studying the "grain" of the Jonker. And using an original method of drawing fine ink lines on the stone to indicate lines of cleavage, it required a year of careful planning to execute in the space of a few seconds the actual dividing of the huge gem. The precious diamond might shatter into fragments or it might split according to specifications. Tapped once with a mallet, the great Jonker fell apart exactly as was intended. After this auspicious beginning, another year was required to complete sawing, faceting and polishing the twelve perfect diamonds which ranged in weight from 142.9 to 5.3 carats. The total weight of the cut stones was 370.87 carats, or 51 per cent of the original diamond.

All the stones were of the finest blue-white color and their total value amounted to \$2,000,000.

And now we wonder — when, if ever, will the other half of the Cullinan put in its appearance, perhaps to start another fabulous story in gem history?



"He isn't killing me . . . You are, with that lousy cigar."



Pitcairn's Island Is Losing Its "Mutineers"

by MARC T. GREENE

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND, remote dot in the Pacific, historic refuge of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, is threatened with extinction, socially speaking. Its population has dwindled gradually during the past fifty years, until today there are scarcely one hundred people on the lonely rock. Most of the younger ones have gone, fled the home of their ancestors for "civilization" as represented by the cities of Australia and New Zealand. There is nothing to keep them on Pitcairn, everything to urge them hence.

As you sail southwestward from the Panama Canal, some 3,500 miles distant, on about the tenth day you see rising above the horizon what looks like a huge black rock. It is shaped somewhat like a saddle. At either end there are lofty summits. In the depression between them lies the settlement. It is known as Adamstown, after the last of the mutineers, John Adams. Born Alexander Smith, he was foremast hand of His Maj-

esty's sloop *Bounty* and was the man who greeted Matthew Folger, master of the New Bedford whaler *Topaz*, which came upon Pitcairn's Island in 1808 to solve after twenty years the mystery of the *Bounty's* disappearance.

The rock bears a forbidding aspect until you come closer. Then, having anchored a few hundred yards off and been surrounded by the small-boats of the islanders, you discover that Pitcairn is actually, in many ways, a sub-tropical paradise, richly productive in a great variety of fruits and vegetables of both temperate and tropical climes, heavily foliaged, green as the hillsides of Kilkarney.

The small-boats are full of fruit to sell to the liner's passengers or to exchange for articles of clothing or of foodstuffs like sugar, flour and salt. The island itself produces almost every other essential and the

surrounding sea an abundance of fish.

If the season is propitious, most of the island people come off to the tarrying liner in their small-boats. These are fourteen-oared, island-constructed, so seaworthy that Pitcairners have been known to make voyages of hundreds of miles in them.

The islanders scramble up the rope ladder, thirty feet or more to the liner's deck, men, women and children, even the middle-aged women, who are inclined to plumpness, showing amazing agility. After them they draw up baskets full of pineapples, oranges, melons, papayas, avocados, bananas. There are also the unique island-made curios, basketry, carved wood and shell ornaments, all made with surprising skill and artistic perception; necklaces, carved toy canoes, and a cunning replica of a flying fish.

Clearly from the ship's deck now is visible the green sloping hillside with its settlement, little white houses among the trees. But if you were to land, you would find some of them empty now. At one time Pitcairn's population was more than 250. Today no young man stays if he can get away. There is nothing for him, and from the recently installed radio he learns enough of the outside world to get restive.

WHEN Fletcher Christian, master's mate of the *Bounty* and leader of the mutineers, decided

that the remote island discovered years before by a young British naval lieutenant named Pitcairn would be as safe a refuge as he could find from the wrath of England, he caused the *Bounty* to be destroyed as soon as the landing had been made and her effects brought ashore. This was to prevent any possible attempt by disaffected mutineers to get away and so bring disaster to the others. Pitcairn was henceforth to be their home. There they and their Tahitian women would live and die — as they did.

Then followed twenty years of conflict, bloodshed, bitter hate, and final tragedy. Mad with jealousy or else crazed with the ferocious liquor some of the mutineers had learned to brew from island roots, men and women alike quarreled and fought and killed.

This much is definite. But the real record, the details of those turbulent years, have never been accurately known and never can be. Their only relator was the aforesaid John Adams, or Alexander Smith. As the story goes, he took the former name when the New Bedford whaling-skipper told him John Adams was President of the United States. His idea was, it seems, that if his actual name and whereabouts became known in England, he would be apprehended and hanged as a mutineer, even after all the years that had passed. But Britain was not so vengeful as that, and when the discovery of the refuge of the *Bounty* people and the exist-

ence of the foremast-hand, Alexander Smith, became known in London, he received the King's pardon.

Smith, once one of the hardest-bitten of the mutineers, had turned very religious after seeing his comrades and their women dying mostly violent deaths. When they had all gone, there were some two score children left, and these Smith undertook to teach, with the aid only of an old Bible he had found neglected among the *Bounty's* effects. It is now in the British Museum.

There was no doubt of the sincerity of Smith's "conversion." He had seen and participated in much that was shocking, much that was revolting, much that was tragic. He had had his lesson. And so, for several years, he had devoted himself to the training in a decent manner of life of the half-caste children of the mutineers and the women they had brought with them on the *Bounty* from Tahiti.

Smith died a few years after the visit of the whaling-ship, but by that time the progeny of the mutineers were able to conduct their little settlement by themselves. Their community expanded, and it was supplemented by arrivals from elsewhere, especially from America, men drawn there by the escapist urge. Among them was a school-teacher named Nobbs, an American sailor named Brown and, later, a missionary of the Seventh Day Adventist sect.

This sect presently took over the

education of the Pitcairners and most of those remaining today are strict Adventists, using no alcohol, no tobacco, eating no meat of any kind, not even fish except the scaly variety.

IN 1855, Queen Victoria decided that Pitcairn's Island was an unsuitable place for a colony and removed all the people to Norfolk, the former convict station in the southwestern Pacific, but an island of great beauty and productiveness, much larger than Pitcairn's.

Strangely enough, however, many of the transported found themselves discontented, craving that lonely rock far away to the eastward, more than a thousand miles from any other inhabited land. They insisted on returning and about half of them were permitted to, so that today you find on both Norfolk and Pitcairn's Christians, Youngs, Quintals, Adams and McCoys, also Nobbs and other descendants of arrivals on Pitcairn subsequent to its re-discovery in 1808.

But in twenty years or thereabouts, it is likely that Pitcairn's colony will pass into history. There is nothing to maintain it. The British Government has neglected it from the start. No doctor has ever been assigned there, with the result that a number of Pitcairners have died from causes that would easily have yielded to proper treatment. Nobody but the Adventist Foreign Mission seems to have taken any

thought for the welfare of the islanders, and even they, while providing school teachers, never brought a medical man to Pitcairn's.

During the last war there was a radio station there, and this installation has been continued. If a serious case of illness occurs, a general call is sent out to ships. Sometimes one is within reach and her doctor arrives in time, sometimes not. More than once when he has arrived it has been impossible to land on the island, because the only place is a stony beach between high cliffs and even there the breakers are such that only the amazing skill of the island boatmen can beach a small craft at any time. Often it is impossible.

THE story of John Adams differed markedly on each occasion when he told it, after his first meeting with the New Bedford whaler. Yet it is the only record. Is it, in the main, authentic? Is it largely imaginative? Is it at all dependable? Nobody knows. According to it, Fletcher Christian and his next in command, James Young, were both killed by other mutineers. Yet a story has persisted that Christian escaped from the island, and that he was seen in Bristol, England, ten years after the *Bounty* had come to Pitcairn. It is generally accepted, though, that he was killed by the last survivor of the Tahitian men who accompanied the mutineers to their remote refuge.

The liner to or from New Zea-

land to the Panama Canal generally carries five or six hours at Pitcairn but there is not, of course, any opportunity to go ashore. So far as the islanders are concerned, visitors are welcome and will be extended all the hospitality the island affords, but it may well be six months before they are able to get away.

As the ship departs, the Pitcairners stand by in their small-boats and sing in farewell their favorite hymns, "There's a Land That is Fairer Than Day," and "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder." Then, as the island lies bathed in the Pacific sunset directly in the big ship's wake, it seems to partake of an eeriness, becomes clothed in a vesture of unreality.

Socially, it is a dying community, and the day must come when a remaining handful will be forced to abandon it. The alternative to this might have been, might still be, some heed to the care and condition of the islanders by the British Government, which controls Pitcairn through the British High Commissioner for the Western Pacific at Suva in the Fiji Group. The island could easily support between three and four hundred people. But Britain has been and continues to be singularly indifferent to it. Young Pitcairners are getting away as fast as they can. Before long, officers of passing liners will point it out to passengers as "the place where the descendants of the *Bounty* mutineers once lived."



WANT TO BUY SOME ROYAL PARCHMENTS?

BY JERRY KLEIN

A BRONX HOUSEWIFE received a dusty piece of parchment in the mail the other day. It was a time-stained, dog-eared contract between two 17th century Englishmen the woman had never heard of. But she promptly had it framed and hung in a place of honor above her television set.

Why the reverence for a battered and faded legal record? Call it a craze for "culture," or a sudden fascination for history. It all began a few months ago when Britain checked its centuries-old files of official documents and found them swollen to the bursting point. The government offices proceeded to cull from their archives about 25,000 papers dating back 100 to 350 years.

Some of the parchments were difficult to read because the passage of time had dimmed the ink. But most of them were still spangled with ornate seals, rich crests and emblazoned initials. Written in the

full, round hand of long ago and sealed with blobs of molten wax, they obviously were too handsome and important-looking to end their long lives in some incinerator.

"Send them to the United States," some crafty Briton must have whispered, "Those Yanks will buy anything."

So the parchments were released through customs to a Newark mail-order house, which in the past had handled only such far more utilitarian gadgets as rice flufflers and bean slicers. The firm's president admits having no particular flair for British history. "I just like to see what kind of things I can sell," he says.

"Truthfully," said the president, "I never suspected that Americans were so culture-crazy. I understand that some guy out in Sheboygan even put a 300-year-old deed on his wall, and told his pals it was the title to his family estate in England.

"One woman wrote us a letter about her English ancestry and asked if maybe we didn't have some old document which would prove to her friends that she's related to an earl. Another customer specified that he wanted a marriage certificate — anybody's so long as the marriage was performed before 1660.

"Real estate brokers also write for ancient mortgages to dress up their modern offices. These old parchments give people an air of dignity and reliability, I guess."

HOWEVER, most of the documents are bought by amateur historians, teachers, schools and housewives who see them as fitting just perfectly under the glass top of the coffee table or in that bare spot in the hall. The parchments measure about two feet square and are said to "lend distinction to both traditional and modern settings."

Perhaps they do. They also lend insight to some of the economic — and human — dramas of their day. As the mail-order house president says, "We all like to pry into other people's affairs, and aren't historical novels the most popular?"

What, for example, was the trouble between John Crafter of Witley, Surrey, and the son who bore his name? On February 3, 1745, he signed a will leaving £10 to each of his children except young John. He was cut off with just one shilling.

A particularly lengthy document certified the indenture of a young Englishwoman on July 22, 1837. For the sum of £6,000, Betty Finch became the property of a man in Little Safford, Cambridge. (Even wives were bought in England in those days.)

And then, too, there's always the mathematical chance that some truly priceless item will turn up somewhere among the 25,000 parchments — perhaps a paper signed by William Shakespeare or Captain Kidd. Indeed, while most of the famous Boswell papers were discovered in Scottish and Irish castles, some were found among dusty court records very similar to these.

Made into lampshades, these testaments of bygone human affairs are said to give any room a "soft and delicate amber glow." So the parchments can be pretty, if not priceless.



I think you ought to recollect
You cannot show too much respect
Toward the highly-titled few;
But nobody does, and why should you?

— Sir William S. Gilbert (1836-1911)

The Mikado, Act I



Big Ben — **THE VOICE OF THEM ALL**

By E. K. Arkinstall

ACROSS Parliament Square, brilliant in summer with fresh green lawns and gay flowers, lies Westminster Abbey, tranquil, serene, the final resting place of kings, warriors, poets, and men of letters. They lie there, the men who have changed history, revolutionized art, roused the world, silent now, remembered by their works. And while you stand there in the Abbey among the illustrious dead, the best known sound in the world falls upon your ears. Big Ben is chiming the hour.

There are bells of greater sweetness, but nothing sounds as sweet to the Londoner as Big Ben. He loves his bell for no reason at all that he can think of except that it seems to be a permanent, sympathetic, friendly thing.

During the bombing of London in 1940 and 1941, which laid immense areas to heaps of rubble and dust, people stood stunned. The remains of their houses, their life's work, their relations, their friends — everything which meant anything to them was strewn about in terrifying confusion. Their city was bathed

in blood and fire and chaos and destruction. And then, above the whine of bombs, the crash of buildings, the screams of the living and the moans of the dying, the great sound rang out, correct to the second. And rescue workers would stop in their grim tasks to check their watches — a subconscious habit. Another quarter hour gone and they were still alive! And they stood and listened to the sound which meant to them hope and solidity in the midst of horror and turmoil.

On and on went the great Westminster Bell — booming out the quarter hours. While London heard its bell, it had something to hope for.

After the bombing raid when the Westminster Tower received a direct hit — an endless, soul-destroying night of murderous onslaught — London waited with baited breath. The hour drew nearer. The white, broken face of the clock, still impassive, shining red with the glow of fires, looked down upon the upturned faces of the onlookers, weary and grime-laden. The hour hand moved slowly on . . . passed the hour . . . the bell was silent. The

crowd stood dismayed, unbelieving, hushed, then presently, out boomed the bell — half a minute slow!

The smoke-blackened faces of the rescue workers lit up. They smiled — and a cheer went up. The work went on with renewed energy. The engineers climbed the Tower and set a half-penny on the pendulum, and within a few hours the clock had righted itself. If Hitler could have stopped that bell he might have been well on the way to subduing London.

WITH affection you stare up at the immense white face. This is not merely an intricate piece of faultless mechanism. It is a friend. The fact that it is ticking your life away means nothing to you. It stands for endurance and inflexibility. It is almost the voice of God.

Although the clock itself is always referred to as Big Ben, the name actually refers only to the bell on which the hours are struck. This bell is the largest ever to have been made in England, and owes its name to the first Commissioner of Works, Sir Benjamin Hall, who held the office in 1856.

It cost £6,000 to install, and weighs 13½ tons. The measurement across the mouth is 9 feet, and it stands 7 feet 6 inches high. But when it was first cast at a Tees-Side foundry, all was not plain sailing, for it

weighed when completed nearly two tons more than had been agreed, and defied most measures to transport it to London. The first clapper, weighing 7 hundredweight, was found to be inadequate for bringing out the full resonant tone, and a second one, weighing 13 hundredweight, was made. A great controversy arose when it was discovered that the bell itself was cracked, and an argument raged as to whether this had been caused by faulty casting or a too-heavy clapper. Then the bell was recast, but even this did not completely rectify the trouble.

It was not long before new cracks appeared, but by that time the bell was already in place and merely had to be patched up, since it was felt that much time, money and trouble had already been spent upon it. So to this day Big Ben is cracked, but Londoners would not change its voice for all the music of the spheres.

The clock itself is one of the most accurate timepieces in the world. It has four dials each 22½ feet in diameter. Its minute hand is 14 feet long and travels one foot per minute. The hour hand is 9 feet in length.

When a light appears in the Tower just above the clock, you know that Parliament is sitting and that your fate is probably being sealed one way or another, for better or worse.

» I call the living; I mourn the dead; I break the lightning.

— Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller
The Bell: Motto

Satan's RELIGION

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⊕ **BY REVEREND BILLY GRAHAM** ⊕
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THE Communist revolution that was born in the hearts of Marx and Engels in the middle of the nineteenth century is not going to give up or retreat. No amount of words at the United Nations or peace conferences in the Far East is going to change the mind of Communism. It is here to stay. It is a battle to the death — either Communism must die, or Christianity must die, because it is actually a battle between Christ and anti-Christ.

Has it ever occurred to you that the Devil is a religious leader, and millions are worshipping at his shrine today? While it is true that his religion is anti-Christ and anti-God, it must be classified as a religion nevertheless. And it must be an alluring one, for millions of the world's population at this hour can be counted as his devoted followers.

The name of this present-day religion is: Communism. Everything it teaches, every strategic move it makes, every philosophy it advocates is designed to strip Jehovah God of His deity, rob Him of His holiness, and reduce Him to the

proportions of a heartless, shapeless, and meaningless god.

Satan began his revolution in the Garden of Eden. In direct contradiction to God's command that the first pair do not eat of the tree in the midst of the Garden, lest they die, Satan said, "Thou shalt not surely die." He further assured them that if they did as he said that they should be as gods, thus exalting himself above God and endeavoring to get mankind to doubt the authority of God's Word. Beginning in the midst of Edenic bliss, bringing distress and chaos in his wake, he has worked in every conceivable way to thwart, hinder, and defeat the work of God. With Cain as his first devout follower, and with his brother Abel as a blood sacrifice upon the altar of totalitarianism, he has slaughtered, plundered, and bludgeoned his way through the centuries, manifesting himself in every false ideology. Today Communism is the medium through which he operates to dupe, deceive, and delude that large segment of society which has chosen to believe a lie.

The Devil is their god; Marx, their prophet; Lenin, their saint; and Malenkov their high priest. Denying their faith in all ideologies except their religion of revolution, these diabolically inspired men seek in devious and various ways to convert a peaceful world to their doctrine of death and destruction.

SO FANATICAL and ruthless are these disciples of Lucifer that in thirty years they have slaughtered millions of innocent persons and stand prepared with poised weapons to kill millions more in an all-out effort to spread their doctrines to the ends of the earth.

The mysterious pull of this satanic religion is so strong that it has caused some citizens of America to become traitorous, betraying a benevolent land which had showered them with blessings innumerable. It has attracted some of our famous entertainers, some of our keenest politicians, and some of our outstanding educators.

With the forces of Communism now in possession of modern nuclear weapons and modern, fast, powerful planes for pin-point delivery of death-dealing bombs, it behooves Americans to gird on the whole armor of God that we may be able to stand in the evil day.

A New Testament reference to this modern, end-time ideology is found in II Thessalonians 2:9-12. Listen: "Even Him whose coming is after the working of Satan with all

power, and signs and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; because they receive not the love of the truth, that they might be saved."

Individuals and nations which embrace Communism are individuals and nations which have rejected God. The heart of man is so designed that it must embrace some sort of religion; if it cannot bring itself to accept the true gospel of Christ, it invariably embraces some kind of false ideology. Today millions are embracing the false religion of Communism.

We are told that Russia, the present fountainhead of Communism, now has the largest army in the history of the world. But their military might is only a material sign of their tremendous strength. Their program of intrigue and infiltration is world-wide in its scope, and they are working night and day in a desperate effort to win increasing converts to their gospel of delusion, and every year sees them gathering greater strength and unity within their ranks.

WHAT is the subtle creed of Communism? What sort of ideology is it that has captured the loyalty of countless millions of the world's people? What does Communism have that would make Ethel and Julius Rosenberg go to death rather than confess? What is the secret of Communism that will

make university professors forfeit their reputations, their families, and all they have, to follow the ideology of Communism? What is a Communist? Pure Communists are only a minority wherever they operate, and most of the people under Communist rule are victims rather than disciples.

Dr. Roy Laurin has suggested the following appraisal:

“Politically a Communist is one who believes the state is supreme and the individual exists only for the welfare of the state, thus destroying the God-given status of the dignity of the individual.

“Economically a Communist believes in the replacement of private property in land and capital by common ownership and the replacement of private management by collective management.

“Socially a Communist does not believe in marriage as an institution of God but only as a biological arrangement suited to the reproduction of heirs to the Communist state.

“Internationally a Communist is a revolutionist who is behind much of the unrest in the world today whether in Korea, East Germany or Morocco.

“Ethically a Communist is a believer of and a devotee to the ‘big lie.’

“Theologically a Communist is an atheist, a despoiler of churches, a murderer of Christians.”

But Communism is much more —

it offers a new world and a new man. It is the embodiment of a dream that mankind has held for centuries. It is the embodiment of a dream in an intellectual system. It has rules of faith and practice. It has the power apparatus of the most highly developed police state in history. It has the most massive, efficient, highly-trained missionary organization the world has ever known.

During the past few years I have spent much time studying Communism. I have found from my studies:

First, that Communism denies the teaching of Christ.

Lenin's stock anathema against Christianity was, “Religion is the opiate of the people. Christianity,” said Lenin, “is used by the classes to enslave the masses.” Religion, in the Christian sense, is a device, they say, to keep the poor in subjection to the rich. Karl Marx — a subtle, clever, degenerate materialist — authored this philosophy of world socialism. Having filled his intellectual craw with all the filth of Europe's gutters, and garbling perverted German philosophies and half-truths, he spewed this filthy, corrupt, ungodly, unholy doctrine of world socialism over the gullible peoples of a degenerate Europe. Because it seemed new, different, and revolutionary, and because Central Europe had turned from the faith of their fathers, the Communistic contagion spread like wildfire. Europe — once the hub of Christianity, once the center of the arts and cultures — became a colossal

inferno of lies and deception; and that wild, false fire has spread throughout the free world, and at this very hour threatens to undermine the foundations of civilization.

Communism, Satan's version of religion, has humanized almost every doctrine of Christianity which pertains to man. For example, they boast that they believe in sharing and equal distribution. The doctrine of sharing was never more eloquently preached and practiced than it was by Jesus Christ. He proclaimed the doctrine of unselfish living on the mount of Beatitudes, and He demonstrated that doctrine most graphically on Golgotha when He died vicariously for every condemned son of Adam's race.

But Communism endeavors to crucify Christ upon a cross of secularism and put Him to an open shame.

Yes, like Satan, from whom they draw their inspiration, they proclaim the principles of peace, sharing and equality, but reject the only One who can impart these characteristics to a selfish, greedy world.

A war of ideologies is being waged throughout the world, a war of the secular against the spiritual. The actual battles in the areas of combat are only material manifestations of the larger battle that rages in the hearts of men throughout the earth. Will it be truth or a lie? Will we be motivated by materialistic philosophy or spiritual power? Will we be led by Jehovah God or duped by

Satan? The battle lines are clearly drawn. All men of every country are being asked to choose sides. Which will it be? Christ said, "You cannot serve two masters." Joshua demanded of the Israelites long ago, "Choose you this day whom you will serve."

Secondly, I have found from my studies that Communism seeks to overthrow the free peoples of the world.

Wherever Satan has seen peace, prosperity, and prudence, he has tried desperately to overthrow them. He swaggered through the Garden of Eden and observed Adam and Eve languishing in that Paradise of Edenic splendor; and promising everything but fulfilling *nothing*, he persuaded them to sign over their rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

The whole of Communism, even the name itself, is nothing but deliberate misrepresentation. The name would seem to intone a community where everyone shares equally, but in Russia this is not true. In the Kremlin the members of the Politburo have all the best houses, automobiles, food, privileges, and power.

The entire program is built and constructed upon lies, fear, deceit, and intrigue.

The creed of Communism is: Divide and overthrow! It is in direct opposition to the teaching and spirit of Christianity. It is Satan's philosophy. Jesus taught not the survival of the fittest, but the revival of the

unfit. Communism does not recognize the personal man for whom Christ died; it is the proletariat and they must rule at all costs, even if it takes the slaying of half the world to accomplish their purposes.

Our experts agree that bombs and bullets are powerless to cope with the threatening menace of Bolshevism. There is only one antidote for the poisonous venom of Sovietism, and that is the truth of the gospel of Christ. And that truth must be demonstrated to a hungry, fearful, perplexed, confused world. Too long we have preached and not practiced. Too long we have theorized and not demonstrated. The world must not only hear that Jesus lives, but they must see Him living in us. The fanatical loyalty as witnessed in the lives of those who live in countries behind the Iron Curtain should inspire us to a new, deeper loyalty to Christ. The choice is clear-cut — it is either revolution and chaos, or Christ and righteousness. Every individual in the world is being asked to make this choice: "Choose you this day whom you will serve."

Thirdly, I have learned from my studies that Communism seeks to achieve its aims by force.

Jesus once said, "He who uses the sword shall perish with the sword." Not once did Jesus use His mighty omnipotence to hurt or destroy. He brought His power into play only to heal, to help, and to bless.

With the Red philosophy of "Might makes right," their pos-

session of the A-bomb and H-bomb makes the world a powder keg which may explode at any moment. Civilization stands at the crossroads. If the world elects to go to the left and embrace this godless philosophy of deceit, force, and bloodshed, it will plunge into the dark abyss of totalitarian despair and gloom, and ultimate annihilation. If it turns to the right and takes the way of the Cross, we well might be entering the greatest economic and spiritual renaissance that modern man has known. The choice is ours. This is our hour of decision.

MANY of you have written and asked how you can most effectively combat Communism. The best defense against Communism is a citadel of strength through Godliness and righteousness that is built by the following elements:

First: By old-fashioned Americanism.

Through the ideals of early Americanism we built the greatest nation ever to exist in all history. These ideals were gathered around the dignity of the individual, a faith in God, an adherence to the Bible, and a respect for human life.

Secondly: By conservative and Evangelical Christianity.

The best defense against Communism resides in those ideals, doctrines, and principles which call for a personal faith in a personal God, a belief in the Bible as the rule of faith and practice, and an experience of

the regenerating grace of God, which transforms character.

Thirdly: By prayer.

It is inconceivable that Communism could penetrate the barrier of a praying nation where its securities are moral and spiritual and not merely mechanical and military. Let there be more genuine prayer in our homes and churches and there will be less Communism in our capitals and statehouses.

Fourthly: By a genuine spiritual revival.

Revivals have always been great instruments of catharsis and purging. They have purged cities and towns of evil wickedness. They would purge America of the rats and termites that are subversively endeavoring to weaken the defense of this nation from within in order that it may fall prey to the international revolution of the Communist plot.

Fifthly: By personal Christian experience.

Christianity is a personal experience. It is not a national philosophy one can adopt like a resolution of good will. It is based on the personal acceptance of Jesus Christ as Saviour and the personal surrender to Jesus Christ as Lord, and the personal commitment of life to Him. It is a

life of personal honesty, personal religion, personal righteousness, and personal loyalty to both God and country.

The greatest need in America today is for men and women to be born again by the Holy Spirit, by repenting of their sins, and receiving Christ as Saviour. The greatest and most effective weapon against Communism today is to be born again Christian.

Julian, man of history, was once a believer in Christ, but for political advantage he renounced Christ and the Church. He was called Julian the Apostate; he had renounced the Faith. In order to parade his disbelief in Christ, he prepared to rebuild the temple of Herod, for Jesus had predicted that it would never be rebuilt. In an effort to reconstruct it, he became involved in a series of wars. They found him mortally wounded on the battlefield one night. His last feeble words were, "O Galilean, thou hast conquered! O Galilean, thou hast conquered."

The Bible indicates such a future victory where it says, "The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand until I make thine enemies thy footstool."

He who shall introduce into public affairs the principles of primitive Christianity will change the face of the world.

— *Benjamin Franklin* (1706–1790)

Letter to the French Ministry, March, 1778

The Benign SULTAN of Borneo

BY ALBERT ABARBANEL



FEW PEOPLE have ever heard of Brunei, a tiny Sultanate in Northwest Borneo. Its Sultan, Sir Omar Ali Salfuddin, recently visited London. His close ties with Britain warranted some publicity. But even British newspapermen had to look it up on the map. The Communists, however, were ready with their judgment. Brunei is a typically Fascist state, they pronounced. It is "in the clutches of ruthless capitalism."

One cannot expect the Communists to like Brunei. For there are no Communists among its inhabitants and, if its ruler has his way, there never will be.

Bounded on all sides by Sarawak, and fronting the South China Sea, only twenty-five years ago its population of backward tribesmen and hostile headhunters lived in a state of indescribable poverty and disease. As little as seven

years ago — after the Japanese left it in famine and ruin — Brunei was mainly jungle again. Most of her people lived in towns sprawling on stilts over the muddy Brunei River, ramshackle, rundown and wracked with epidemics. Rickety footways linked the wooden huts, with an odd alligator waiting for its dinner in mudflats below.

Those living near the river fished; those living inland coaxed a reluctant living out of the soil, and Brunei could never produce more than one-third of its domestic need of rice.

Today, Brunei presents an entirely different picture. It is an emerging paradise. The Far Eastern state is brimming over with plans that will provide unparalleled prosperity, security and happiness for all of its 47,000 inhabitants.

What is the reason behind the transformation of this 2,226 square miles of desolate territory into a



veritable Garden of Eden? Oil! Gallons and gallons of it gushing from the jungle floor, and most of it still untapped. For due to a fortunate combination of geological circumstances, Brunei is literally floating on a sea of petroleum. The Seria, her latest development, has 300 wells that bubble forth 100,000 barrels of liquid gold a day. Thus the smallest and least populated region in Borneo is now the richest, for within its borders lie the greatest oil fields in the British Commonwealth.

In 1950, the Seria oil field alone poured \$3,000,000 into Brunei's coffers. A year later, this sum soared to almost \$25,000,000. In 1952, the total revenue of this miniature monarchy reached a record figure of almost \$70,000,000, of which more than \$25,000,000 was from rents, royalties and taxes from the oil producers. There was a surplus of over \$60,000,000 on that year's workings!

THE British Malayan Petroleum Company, part of the Shell group, pays Brunei over 97 per cent of its entire income, which is nine times as much as it spends a year. Thus Brunei is in the enviable position of being one of the few countries in the world without a national debt, and so much surplus it just doesn't know what to do with all the money. In most places on earth, this means opulence for a top-level few, but the new Sultan of Brunei, Omar Ali Salfuddin, wants all of his subjects to share the wealth.

The Sultan resolved to use the riches for the good of his country. It was suggested to him that each and every citizen of Brunei should get his proper share. Two hundred and fifty pounds should be paid immediately to every man, woman and child, and three pounds a week from there on. But the Sultan, a level-headed man of 37, had other ideas, as did the British Resident, Mr. J. C. H. Barcraft, his economic advisor. The people would spend their money, more often than not, for unnecessary things, they thought. They might lose their incentive for work and become dependent upon a welfare state. The profits would have to be invested in a more constructive way. They should go into concrete and lasting benefits for the people instead of giving them away with nothing to show.

A five-year plan of rehabilitation of Brunei and its people evolved with the full approval of the British Malayan Petroleum Company. It will cost \$11,000,000 altogether. Unmatched by any other country in the world, the program calls for a life pension for everyone over 60 with a record of work. Hospitals, orphanages and institutions are built for the sick, the blind and the insane. Education is free to all, and every child attending school is given one daily warm meal. Parks and playgrounds are laid out. Children and adults alike are encouraged to participate actively in sports. A part of every city and hamlet is

being given over to athletic fields, tennis courts and arenas.

Competitive exams are given to promising young students. They are — and will be in increasing numbers — sent to American and British universities on scholarships. After their studies they are expected to serve their own country.

The program encompasses the building of 30 new schools, especially trade and agricultural schools. The Sultan believes that all his constituents must learn to earn their own living in a free competitive society.

EXPERTS have been busy for some time mapping out power plants and up-to-date sanitation. Sites for airports have been selected. A fleet of planes will soon link the isolated country with the outside world. For the first time in its history, Brunei will also have international telephone and wireless systems by automatic telephones and radio stations.

To encourage tourist trade, private capital has been invited to invest in hotels and resorts. The Sultan hopes that his state will soon be of interest to the average sight-seer.

To residents of towns and villages precariously located on swamp land, Sir Omar Ali Salfuddin has promised free land and building material to every family who will relocate. So far, few of the people have been lured away from their traditional stilted lean-tos on the river. In time, however, even one of the larger

towns like Kampong Ayer will drift inland and become less picturesque but more hygienic.

Sir Omar Ali Salfuddin, the 28th Sultan of the British-protected state of Brunei, can truly be called an enlightened monarch. Dapper in appearance and only five feet tall, he is not new to politics, having served as first minister of the State Council from 1947 to the time he ascended the throne.

Although the Sultan is allowed several wives, he has only one, and three children who usually run around without shoes. On State occasions, he is carried in a litter by 22 men and wears silk pajama-like garments.

Once Brunei was a fierce and mighty nation. In the 16th Century her navies struck terror in the hearts of sailing vessels on the Java and Malacca Seas. But in the ebb and flow of history, Brunei's power declined. Sulu pirates raided the mainland, seized her strongest people and sold them into slavery. By the end of the 16th Century her outlying territories had fallen away. Finally, a greatly whittled-down Brunei was forced to seek protection from Great Britain, and in 1847 signed the first treaty of friendship and commerce. In 1906, a form of government was set up under the Sultan-in-Council, consisting of 12 members, including a British Resident with the Sultan as President. The Resident is under supervision of the Governor of Sarawak as High Commissioner.

ROADS were built, housing improved and trade started to pick up. In 1924, prospecting for oil began. The total revenue of the state was only \$257,000 then. Five years later, however, prospectors discovered a workable oil field at Seria, ten miles from Kuala Belait. In 1932, oil started to flow through the economic veins of this puny state, and Brunei grew steadily stronger. Production increased until the morning of December 16, 1941, when Japanese forces landed at Kuala Belait and took over the Seria oil fields.

After almost a century of slow building up, Brunei was torn down again. Because of Japanese neglect, the roads reverted to jungle and grass began growing on many of the streets in town. The Allied Air Force added to the holocaust by destroying all the buildings in Kuala Belait and Brunei Town, blasting to bits a new hospital with X-ray equipment. Many homes still bear the scars of machine-gun bullets.

On June 10th, 1945, when the Allies retook Brunei, they found the population in a shocking state of health. Had the landing not taken place when it did, thousands would have died through starvation and disease. The Japanese had also set fire to the oil field at Seria. Food and clothing were distributed to all inhabitants as quickly as possible and the sick moved to hospitals. Temporary shelters were built along the river bank. Once again the slow and

painful task of rebuilding began.

Now the British Malayan Petroleum Company houses almost 1,000 employees in modern concrete buildings while work on a permanent housing project is being completed. Oil workers also have three playing fields for sports and games, numerous clubs, and an open air movie.

The State itself is divided into four administrative districts, Brunei and Muara, Temburong, Tuntong, and Belsit, each with a Malay District Officer responsible to the Resident. European officers are generally in charge of public works, and the Government controls the distribution and prices of commodities like rice and sugar.

Although the forests of Brunei are great potential assets, they had not been exploited except for some export of jelutong rubber. But under the prodding of the new economic program, the jungles of Brunei are being feverishly cultivated. The enlightened ruler of this pocket-sized sultanate is luring experts from all parts of the world to help build this paradise in the tropics.

In a recent statement about his program, Sir Omar Ali Salfuddin said, "I am merely a servant of Allah and the people of Brunei. If God has seen fit to bestow riches upon us, it is my duty to help execute His wish — to help create a prosperous and peaceful nation — perhaps as an example for other men to follow."



MEMO *to a Red Spy*



BY WILLIAM BANCROFT MELLOR

THE biggest mistake made by T Alger Hiss, Judy Coplon, the Rosenbergs, and all the others of the Communist spy conspiracy was that they went about their filthy, treacherous business in the guise of loyal, decent, hard-working Americans.

The chances are they still would be pipe-lining America's military secrets to the Kremlin today, and in perfect safety, if they had taken the precaution of wearing Red Army uniforms while plying their nefarious trade. No one would have given them a tumble.

I know, because during World War II, at a time when German submarines were sinking ships in sight of the Atlantic City Boardwalk and the luxury hotels of Miami Beach, I roamed the streets of Philadelphia, freely and without question, for six hours, while dressed in the swastika-hung uniform of an officer in the Nazi Navy. And got away with it.

It all came about because some mastermind in the editorial room of the now-defunct *Philadelphia Record*, where I worked as a reporter,

read an article in a magazine about two British security policemen who, to test Britain's defenses against spies and saboteurs, tried to take a stroll through London dressed in German parachutists' uniforms. Almost before the experimenters got started, they were backed against the wall, with loaded pistols prodding them in the belly, by a pair of Territorials, who turned them over to the nearest military police unit.

"It sounds like kind of a dangerous stunt," said Walter Lister, then city editor of the paper. "Somebody could easily get hurt." And then, after a pause, "We'll try it."

His eye, roving over the city room, lighted on me, and fixed itself speculatively on the continental-type beard which I then wore. "Not me," I said.

Two days later, on Sunday, February 1, 1942, I walked out of the *Record* office, resplendent in the uniform of an *oberleutnant* in the Nazi submarine service. Accompanying me was Frank Toughill, another *Record* reporter, similarly clad . . . and equally nervous.

Lister had been anything but re-

assuring as we left. With an air very like that of the fight manager who tells his boy, "They can't hurt us," he patted us on the back and said: "Now don't worry about a thing, fellows. In case you run into any trouble, there will be a photographer right behind you. He has instructions to make a full set of pictures and hot-foot it back here in time to make the Bulldog edition."

Down Broad Street we went, into the heart of town, waiting every minute for a heavy hand to fall on our shoulders. Nobody said "boo" to us.

Policemen, politely answering our heavily-accented questions, gave us directions on how to get to the Philadelphia Navy Yard, Frankford Arsenal, Cramp's Shipyard, and other installations where two Nazis had no right to be — even in peacetime. And we had been at war for nearly three months.

Our uniforms, plainly those of the German Navy, literally screamed "Nazis!" But not a Philadelphian heard the scream. And this at a time when the newspapers were full of rumors of Nazis landing on our coast from submarines.

Almost the first man we passed on Broad Street glanced at my beard, then peered sharply at our uniforms, and continued to look at

us over his shoulder as we walked on. "This is it," we thought.

But he did not report us to the police or to the Army. Nobody did. We checked it later.

We asked a policeman, "Vere ist der resdaurandt?" He directed us to Horn & Hardart's.

There we lined up with scores of others before the cashier's cage and when we reached our turn, presented fist-fulls of money, mostly German, with a few American dollar bills mixed in with it. "You take," we told the girl.

Fingering aside the 100-mark notes and the coins, she picked out two dollar bills and presented us with 40 nickels in exchange.

"Was ist dis?" we asked.

"Those are nickels," she explained patiently, as though to children. "You put them in the little slots and your food comes out."

"Ah! Ah! Danke schoen," we said in unison, saluting.

At Holy Trinity Church, one couple spotted us. "Oh, look!" said a man to his wife, "Germans." Then they walked on.

IT WAS the same everywhere we went — in restaurants, hotel lobbies, cigar stores. Nobody noticed us.

We thought we might do better if we went to some military establishments, so we climbed into my car, pulled up alongside of a traffic policeman and asked: "Vere is der vadervrondt?"

"Lost?" he asked.



"Ja," we replied.

"You Navy boys!" he exclaimed, with a waggish shake of his head. "Must have been quite a party." Then he gave us instructions on how to get to the war-vital port area.

We walked along the "vader-vrondt" from Pier 98 South to Pier 34 South, a distance of several miles. We talked to scores of people, both servicemen and merchant mariners, and ate hot dogs and drank root beer with them. And watched the ships being loaded with war supplies — ships that men in uniforms exactly like ours were waiting to sink, just offshore.

Then we drove very slowly — almost creeping — past Cramp's Shipyard, where American submarines and sub-chasers were being built behind heavily-guarded gates. We repeated the performance several times, each time peering out of the side of the convertible in as suspicious a manner as possible. On the last trip, the sentry on the gate, by this time an old friend, waved a cheery greeting to us!

We did the same thing at the Navy Yard and the Signal Corps Depot. Nothing happened.

As we neared the *Record* office, we crossed the path of a Marine sergeant who, like the others, paid us no heed. So we said "Hello," facing him squarely so as to give him a full view of the cap devices and insignia.

"Hello," he replied — and kept on walking.

OUR STUNT was a dramatic demonstration of the apathy of a great city in time of extreme national peril, and the resulting newspaper story made headlines from coast to coast.

The *Record*, one of the most vigorous of America's crusading newspapers, raised a great editorial to-do about the country's lack of security-consciousness in time of war. A week later, it had something to crow about: tangible evidence of a new alertness engendered wholly because of our stunt — and we couldn't print a line about it.

A Netherlands submarine came to the Philadelphia Navy Yard for overhaul and battle-damage repairs, and the war-weary crewmen, who had been at sea for three months, hastened up town for a bit of badly needed recreation.

Within an hour, most of the Dutchmen were languishing in Philadelphia police station cells. The cops, encountering unfamiliar uniforms and still smarting from the sarcastic comments passed down the line from City Hall the week before, weren't being taken in twice!

But the *Record* couldn't print the story. The Navy clamped down on it, because the presence of the Dutch submarine was a military secret.



DOINGS *of a* DEMOCRACY

By **HAROLD HELFER**

- ✓ The City Council of South St. Paul, Minn., voted to hire an assistant for dogcatcher Ben Bendickson after he complained that children were freeing stray dogs from his truck as fast as he could catch them.
- ✓ The Colorado Controller's office received an expense account from a state legislator for a trip to the state capital in which nothing was filled in for meals. Instead there was this note on the voucher: "Carried my lunch."
- ✓ After a Tucson man had filled out the voter's registration forms, a court-house clerk told him, "Sir, you should list your occupation, not your wife's." To which the man retorted: "Don't change it. My wife works. She makes me do the housework. What else would you call my job? I'm a housewife."
- ✓ A bandit who held up a Texarkana, Tex., service station soothingly told the two attendants as he pocketed the money from the cash register, "You know, it's deductible from your income tax."
- ✓ After Sen. George D. Aiken, of Vermont, advised everybody to drink more milk to help cut coffee prices, he got a letter from a lady accusing him of "trying to starve babies by encouraging adults to drink up the milk."
- ✓ The Internal Revenue office in Knoxville received a request from a citizen that he be allowed to deduct the cost of his wife's false teeth because "she sure eats enough."
- ✓ In Memphis, William M. Johnson, being questioned as a prospective juror in a \$150,000 damage suit, was asked what he did for a living. When he replied, "I'm a magician and a mind reader," he was excused without further questioning.
- ✓ Becoming disgusted while trying to figure out his income tax, a citizen mailed to the Chicago Internal Revenue Bureau a bulky envelope containing scores of bills, business receipts and street car transfers to let the Government figure out what he owed.
- ✓ The wife and son of a St. Louis businessman picketed his firm for higher pay and better hours.
- ✓ A Santa Monica, California, judge settled a divorce suit by allotting the husband one half of the family swimming pool and his wife the other.

YOUR LIFE IS NOT WORTH SAVING AT SEA!

By BERNARD ROSENBERG



AS THE admiralty law of America stands today, there is more material gain in saving cattle in danger at sea than in saving people in similar jeopardy," says Lieutenant Commander Lawrence Jarett, associate professor of law at the United States Merchant Marine Academy. For United States admiralty courts generously reward those who save property in peril at sea, but they leave unrewarded those who save human life. Take these two salvage cases as examples of this extraordinary truth:

The master and crew of a fishing schooner out of Gloucester found a dead man's body floating in mid-Atlantic. The man's pockets contained, among other things, gold coins and American currency of more than one thousand dollars, and papers showing that he had been a passenger on a ship that had sunk in a collision some weeks before.

The master and crew buried the man's body in accordance with sea custom, by sinking it. When they

got back to their home port, they turned over to the admiralty court the gold coins, money, and papers for salvage. Said the admiralty judge: "I award to the salvors half the value of the property salvaged — one-third of the salvage to be paid to the owners of the vessel — one-third to the master — and one-third to the crew."

A New Bedford schooner — sailing with a crew of six hands and five passengers from Florida's Apalachicola to Havana, Cuba — was struck by a sudden squall and upset. High-running waves breaking continually over the defenseless vessel forced passengers and crew to lash themselves to the wreck in order to keep themselves from being swept overboard.

For four days and nights they hung on desperately, battered time and again by the wild seas. On the fifth day, a passing ship spotted them — approached warily — sent a rescue boat to the wreck and took

off alive five passengers and crew members. The others had died from wave-pounding, exposure, and from lack of food and water.

The rescue vessel's owners, master, and crew claimed salvage from the owner of the schooner for saving human life in danger at sea. But the presiding admiralty judge said in his legal opinion: "A court of admiralty has no authority to allow a reward for merely saving of life. That must be left to the bounty of individuals who are saved."

The legal reasoning behind rewarding salvage of property in peril at sea, say the admiralty courts, is that there is no legal duty to aid sea distress. Ergo, whoever voluntarily renders services in behalf of maritime property must be paid for those services.

ADMIRALTY courts usually grant property salvage awards only when four legal requirements are met successfully by the one who is claiming salvage:

1. The subject of salvage must be of a maritime character such as a damaged ship, a derelict, a wreck, cargo lost overboard. Recently, an admiralty judge held that a "downed" airplane on the sea's surface is maritime property.

2. The maritime property must be in peril — from fire, looters, sinking, and the like. The peril, however, need not be imminent. For example, a ship short of necessary supplies would be in peril within the

meaning of present admiralty law.

3. The imperiled maritime property must be rescued from danger by someone who is under no legal obligation to rescue it. A ship especially equipped for salvage work is one such instance. But the crew of a distressed vessel, her pilot, or a tug towing her cannot usually claim property salvage. They are only fulfilling their contract of hiring when they work to save the ship. As a rule, passengers cannot claim property salvage either, for aren't they working as much to save themselves as they are to save the vessel?

4. The service that's rendered on behalf of the imperiled maritime property usually must be successfully accomplished. The *Turmoil* — the ocean tug that tried valiantly to tow the *Flying Enterprise* to port in the winter of 1951-1952 — got no salvage award for its effort. She failed in her attempt when the *Flying Enterprise* sank.

Here is an unusual example of a maritime situation where the law's four requirements for a property salvage award were successfully met. A steamer, damaged from an ice floe while passing through an ice field, sent out an S.O.S. A freighter — thirty miles ahead — picked up the distress signals, turned back immediately, entered the ice field, and approached the steamer, ready to give assistance. But the steamer's captain had already determined that the ship damage was only slight — that he wouldn't need the help he

had thought he would need. So, he asked the freighter's master for instructions on how to work his way out of the ice field safely. "Recommend you steer east to clear water," the freighter's master wirelessed him. The steamer, following the course laid down by the freighter, soon reached clear water. The freighter claimed property salvage. The admiralty court granted it — the sum of ten thousand dollars.

The legal concept of no reward for saving human life in peril at sea is based on the theory that the salvage of human life is not an act to be paid for in money. How can you compensate a man with a money reward for doing his moral duty? Yet, strangely enough, American authorities in admiralty law are usually opposed to the legal anomaly where preservers of things receive awards, and where preservers of life receive no award.

One admiralty judge in writing about life salvage puts it this way: "It might be the part, not only of humanity, but of worldly wisdom, to let those at sea understand that sometimes even in godliness there is gain, and to tempt them by allurements of pecuniary profit to save human life." Says Cornell University Professor of Law Gustavus H. Robinson: "The injustice lies in our failure to make provision for salvage for mere life. Salvors' lives and salvors' property are more imperiled sometimes in such services than in the cases where the salvors rescue

property. Often the conditions are so adverse as to permit only taking people off the distressed vessels, and seas and winds prevent salvage of property."

WHY then do American admiralty courts continue using the legal doctrine of no reward for only saving human life in peril at sea when admiralty law experts oppose the doctrine? There is a legal precedent centuries old.

A search through lawbooks from as far back as ancient Rome forces one to this conclusion: Salvage meant only one thing — the saving of ships, vessels, and cargoes in danger at sea for the benefit of owners and salvors alike. Those who saved life at sea were always left to the good will of those who were saved. This ancient legal precedent didn't come into being from the whim of judges who sat in such cases in those early days. They got their point of view from those who used the seas in their day-to-day business dealings.

"Historically, the salvage award developed primarily to safeguard property rather than life from the hazards of the sea," says Lieutenant Commander Lawrence Jarett. "This property treatment of the salvor's right tended to block effectively the judicial development of a salvage award for saving lives since, generally, the survival of property became necessary to bringing of a salvage suit, and lives could not, of course, be treated as property."

Nevertheless, in the days when slaves were considered property and could be bought and sold on the open market, salvors received rewards for saving them from the sea. They received no reward for rescuing the masters. A century ago, five slaves were driven out to sea in a canoe, and a Captain Bass rescued them. The court awarded him one-tenth of the value of the slaves and canoe.

IS THERE then no way to make the saving of life only at least as financially attractive as the saving of property in danger at sea? There is — through carefully drawn Federal legislation. The conservative British, faced with the same problem of no reward for life salvage at sea, used legislation as the means of working out the answer satisfactorily about one hundred years ago.

Up to 1854, the English admiralty court looked at life salvage the way American admiralty courts still do today — giving no salvage awards to rescuers of life only. In that year, however, the English Parliament enacted legislation to the effect that a rescuer of human life was to receive a salvage award for his act. The result is that the salvor of life from a British vessel anywhere in the world, or from a foreign vessel in British waters, may claim life salvage, and have his claim upheld by the British admiralty court. An example of how justly the English admiralty courts work in life salvage

cases because of the 1854 legislation is the case of the *Medina*.

The *Medina*, an English steamship bound from Sumatra to Jedda with five hundred fifty passengers on board, was wrecked in the Red Sea. The ship's crew rowed its passengers to the nearest land that could be reached safely — a small rock six feet above water, a rock barely large enough to hold all ship members. There was nothing else that could be done, for the boats carrying the passengers were so badly knocked about that they could not be used to reach the mainland some thirty miles away. A storm coming up threatened death to everyone on the rock. Fortunately, however, a passing steamer sighted them and got all the passengers and crew off the rock safely. It carried them to Jedda, port of destination. The English admiralty court — freed from ancient legal precedent — granted the rescuing ship an award of eighteen hundred pounds for saving life in danger at sea.

Is there any sound reason why Congress can't do what the English Parliament did one hundred years ago and enact legislation to remedy a situation which makes it materially profitable to save property in peril at sea rather than to save human life? Reward for salvage of property is fine, but those who travel by sea, you and I included, are mainly concerned that we, not the ship or ship's cargo, will attract the attention of rescuers.

Theodore  Granik's

AMERICAN FORUM

Should the Communist Party Be Outlawed?

THE BACKGROUND FACTS

OUTLAW the Communist Party and end the fiction that it is a 'normal' political group," say proponents of prohibiting it.

"If you do so, you will be taking an un-Constitutional action and one which may not even achieve your objective," say opponents.

This controversy has been raging for many years.

As far back as January, 1941, the Dies Committee on Un-American Activities recommended to the 77th Congress the enactment of legislation to outlaw every political organization which was shown to be

under the control of a foreign government. In the thirteen years which have ensued, the case against the Communist Party of the United States (CPUSA) has mounted, as more and more evidence was uncovered of its revolutionary, espionage and sabotaging operations. Literally dozens of bills have been offered to render the Party completely illegal. Basically, these bills would do two things: one, they would make membership in the Communist Party a felony; and two, persons who became or continued to be members of the Com-

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munist Party would forfeit their United States' citizenship.

The principal controversy has raged over the initial proposal — making membership a crime.

In the debate, it has been soundly accepted as a premise by patriotic Americans almost universally that the aim of the Communist Party is the violent overthrow of the Government of the United States. The major argument has shifted, therefore, to the Constitutionality of outlawing the Party and the issue of advisability and feasibility. As a

practicing attorney, I point out that this subject involves exceedingly complex legal questions.

However, in addition to the legal phases, there are vital questions of national policy which all thinking Americans should ponder.

The following are the principal arguments which have been presented on both sides of this question, as compiled from Congressional hearings, from debate in the Senate and House of Representatives, and from the forum of American public opinion.

Pro

One — Outlawing CPUSA is both feasible and desirable. It would end once and for all the sham that this Party is anything but a treacherous Soviet paramilitary conspiracy aimed at the violent destruction of America and the American system.

Two — Outlawing the Party would work. It has worked.

Listen to what Wayne Richards, Commander-in-Chief of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, says (incidentally, the VFW states it was the first organization to recommend outlawing — way back in 1926):

“Congressman Martin Dies, Texas, reminds us that it was against the law to be a Communist in the United States during the years between 1919 and 1924. Communism made very little progress within our borders during that period. Why? Because the ‘Communist Party’ had

no legal status in this country, and no protection under our Constitution. This happy situation ended, unfortunately, when the United States Government decided to officially recognize the present Government of Soviet Russia.”

Of the period from 1919 to 1924, Dies had said:

“The Party . . . was innocuous. It was only after it was able to enjoy a legal status and to deceive millions of gullible people in this country that they were able to do any effective work.”

When he introduced his particular bill to outlaw the Party, Dies added:

“We have been investigating Communism for 18 years. The time has come now to do something definite and conclusive about it. The present laws are inadequate, as shown by the fact that under these

laws we have only prosecuted a handful of Communists. Under my measure, I promise you, if my experience of seven years as head of this Committee [Committee on Un-American Activities] means anything, that it will once and for all end the issue so far as the United States is concerned. . . . As long as the Communist movement has a legal status in the United States, no agency of the Government can cope with it."

Three — Every law enforcement source has pointed out that the Communist Party is already almost completely underground. Indeed, it is axiomatic that, even in countries where the Communist Party is supposed to be fully legal, it is under express orders to combine illegal with legal activity. In other words, there is an underground no matter what the "normal" status of the Party. To render the Party completely illegal would be simply to carry through to a logical conclusion America's defense against it.

Four — It is a fact that outlawing the Party would require a reappraisal of certain statutes, which would have to be altered. The principal statute affected would be the Internal Security Act. However, the need for such revision is not an argument against revision. Outlawing of the Party should stand on its own merits. There is no good reason why this new approach should not become the basis for bringing up-to-date all our anti-Communist laws.

Five — The proposed action is entirely Constitutional. Under the broad police powers of Government, Congress can take any action needed to preserve the State, particularly from dangers to its very existence. Article IV, Section 4 of the Constitution expressly provides: "The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government." How can the United States fulfill this guarantee if it permits those who seek violently to replace our Constitutional Republic by a dictatorship of the proletariat?

Chief Justice Vinson, speaking for the Supreme Court in the case of *Dennis vs. United States*, said:

"We reject any principle of governmental helplessness in the face of preparation for revolution, which principle, carried to its logical conclusion, must lead to anarchy. No one could conceive that it is not within the power of Congress to prohibit acts intended to overthrow the Government by force and violence."

Chief Justice Fuller in 1903, in the case of *Turner vs. Williams*, stated:

"So long as human governments endure, they cannot be denied the power of self-preservation."

As for the charge that this action would limit freedom of speech, the Court declared in the Dennis case:

"Overthrow of the Government by force and violence is certainly a substantial enough interest for the Government to limit speech. Indeed, this is the ultimate value of

any society, for if a society cannot protect its very structure from armed internal attack, it must follow that no subordinate value can be protected."

Six — All groups falling within the legislation's careful definition will have to suffer the consequences of their misdeeds. There is no intrinsic reason why the proposed statute cannot be drafted in a careful manner which will strike only at the individuals and groups which are genuinely striking at our form of government. No patriotic American, however unorthodox his views, need

have any fear from carefully drafted legislation of this nature.

Seven — The United States is the leading anti-Communist power on earth. We are trying to encourage other countries to join in a solid anti-Red alliance. How can we expect them to take vigorous anti-Communist measures at home and abroad if we ourselves do not take the elementary step of outlawing CPUSA?

As for other legislation here at home, there is nothing inconsistent between an outlawing bill and other bills designed to close up still other loopholes in our present defenses.

Con

One — Outlawing the Party is neither feasible nor desirable. It would create more problems in terms of combatting Communism than it would cure. Moscow would not be bothered by legal prohibition of CPUSA's activities because it has long made ample provision for just such a contingency.

Two — Outlawing won't discourage dupes from working for the CPUSA. Any dupe who doesn't already know the true nature of Communism would be no more impressed by outlawing the Party than he is now by all the documented charges against it. An illegal Party might even attract more converts who might tend to sympathize with its "persecuted, hunted martyrs." The Communists delight in their role of an "oppressed minority."

Three — Outlawing has been traditionally opposed by America's foremost, most trusted opponent of the Communist menace, Director John Edgar Hoover of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. He has consistently adhered to this position, stating that outlawing would drive the Party completely underground; would end all formal Communist meetings; would terminate all Communist publications; and thereby make even more difficult than now the attempt to keep Communists under surveillance. Mr. Hoover has stated, "Where one agent was formerly needed for proper coverage, we now require as many as nine or ten agents by reason of the Communists' greater security consciousness in carrying out their conspiratorial activities." Thus, instead of

facilitating the problem of combating Communism, outlawing might hamper it.

It should also be noted that the principal purpose of outlawing the Party is, presumably, to convict individual members of the Party of a crime. But actually to prove membership of the present 25,000 members or even of 2,500 would be a tremendous task. Party members no longer carry cards or any other identifying documents. Thus, proof of membership might have to be established through the testimony of confidential informants, but their very act of testifying would destroy their future effectiveness. In the absence of documentary proof or of available informants, Party membership would be provable principally by circumstantial evidence of Party-line activities and of association. This, however, is in part the same evidence now used in prosecutions under the Smith Act. Thus, in most cases, a statute to make membership itself a crime would not materially alter the problem of prosecution of Communists and the type of proof that would be required.

Four — There is an existing framework of statutes which is beginning to prove its effectiveness in terms of combatting the Communist menace. The passage of a bill to outlaw the Party would completely alter that present framework. For example, under the McCarran Internal Security Act, a specific pro-

vision was inserted, Section 4, subsection (f), which reads in part:

“Neither the holding of office nor membership in any Communist organization by any person shall constitute *per se* a violation of subsection (2) or subsection (c) of this section or of any other criminal statute.”

Passage of a bill to outlaw the Party, would, in effect, nullify that provision. Remember, it is not simply enough to pass a bill against the Communists unless you integrate it into the framework of other statutes. That includes existing statutes, such as the Smith Act, the Immigration and Naturalization Act, in addition to numerous bills which are being considered. If we are to pass legislation in a haphazard, un-coordinated fashion, we will hardly improve our chances against the Communists.

Five — The proposed law would probably be un-Constitutional. Attorney General Herbert Brownell testified before the House Judiciary Committee:

“There are some doubts, we think, as to the Constitutionality of such a provision in the light of the recent Supreme Court decision involving the Oklahoma loyalty oath, *Wiementhal vs. Updegraff*, where the Court said that indiscriminate classification of innocent with knowing activity must fall as an assertion of arbitrary power.”

Mr. Brownell pointed out that most of the bills to outlaw the Communist Party make it a crime to

become a member of the Party or any organization having similar purposes: "To us, in effect, this means that membership in the Communist Party, *per se*, would be a violation of the statute even without any personal knowledge of its aims or purposes." It is this attempt which the Updegraff decision might specifically prevent.

Moreover, there are very serious doubts as to the effect of outlawing on the right of freedom of speech, and possibly, of the press.

Six — Most bills to outlaw CPUSA have catch-all language designed to prohibit similar organizations aimed at the violent overthrow of our Government. Many observers feel that the net result of such language might be to make illegal those minor parties, particularly off-shoots of the Socialist Party, which are not under Moscow's control, which say they are violently anti-Communist but which strongly oppose the capitalist system. If you start to widen the circle of prohibited groups, where will the circle end? How far will the

prohibition process go? Would it be stopped at all?

Seven — Many countries have outlawed the Communist Party only to find that it has popped up in a new form under a new name. For us to outlaw the Party might be to encourage a token type of foreign anti-Communist action; whereas, what we want is genuine, effective anti-Communist work, including the removal of conditions which make for Communism.

Here at home if we concentrate our efforts on outlawing the Party, there may be a tendency to slacken on certain other proposed legislation which, in the judgment of some experts, would cope far more successfully with individual phases of the Communist problem. This might include removal of Communist workers from strategic industries, decertification of Communist trade unions by the National Labor Relations Board, passage of immunity legislation for Congressional witnesses, and other bills recommended by the Attorney General.

» Only 1 out of 12 persons in our country attends church.

Seven out of eight children quit church and Sunday School attendance before they reach 15 years of age. People spend eight times more hours at movies than at Sunday School. As a nation we spend up to \$750 on pleasure, sins and amusements to every dollar given to church work.

Our nation harbors three times as many criminals as college students. Three major crimes are committed every minute. A murder is committed every 40 minutes. There are 60 suicides in our nation daily. There are more barmaids in America than college girls.

— J. EDGAR HOOVER

New Boss for PARADISE



By A. A. HOEHLING



THERE'S been great rejoicing in "paradise." Food has become more plentiful; houses and hospitals have sprung up, and so have bakeries and barber shops; even primitive outrigger canoes have started sporting put-puts!

Our Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands, sprawling over 3,000,000 square miles of ocean, wasn't always thus. When World War II's fury had finally been replaced by the wash-wash of tide against their 2,100 island shores, some 57,000 Micronesians ("inhabitants of the little islands") were left starving, disease-ridden, even without adequate inter-island trade.

The 85,000 colonists imported by the Japanese, plus occupation troops, had staggered the rudimentary economy and morale of these islands which include the Marianas, the Marshalls and the Carolines. Tuberculosis alone was well on the way to relegating the entire population to that limbo of other lost races which have departed without benefit of requiem.

Then one morning a year ago, a stocky, graying man stepped from the rusting deck of a surplus Navy

landing craft onto a pinpoint of sand and coral in this Western Pacific.

To the surprise and delight of a knot of mildly curious islanders, this gentleman greeted them in their tongue — Ponapean. He said "Good morning" and inquired after their collective health, all of which would sound to an American ear very much like throaty chicken cluckings.

His name: Frank E. Midkiff, new High Commissioner of our Pacific "paradise." He looks at least a decade younger than his 67 years, and in many ways he's no ordinary "boss."

Since 1913, when he deserted his native Illinois to "go island" in Hawaii, Midkiff has been one of the Pacific people, working for and with them. He has encompassed many activities, particularly of an educational or philanthropic nature and was, before taking this job, president of the Kamehameha Schools in Honolulu.

The one-time instructor and athletic director at Oahu has lost none of his muscular vigor. Within weeks of his appointment as High Commissioner, he had taken off for his sprawling territory and actually paid

a personal call on 50 islands before returning to his office on Kilauea Avenue, Honolulu.

This doctor of philosophy (Yale, '35) has taken to heart the problems of the Territory as though each native was of his own flesh and blood. He has set some kind of a record by coming back to the United States four times in his short "reign" to report to Washington and to the United Nations, just to try and get more help for his people.

"We are witnessing," he says, "the changing of a civilization. We did not cause this change in the beginning but now that it is in motion, we endeavor to direct it wholesomely and beneficially. The islanders are passing from a stone-age culture to one based on the best features of modern development.

"We desire to preserve the good, well-tried mores of the old culture and to these add selected best items of a culture based on modern science — endeavoring also not to introduce harmful practices, nor advance new ideas at too rapid a rate."

BEFORE the Japanese, the islands had known German and, earlier, Spanish occupation. Each time the people were left hungry and sick. Tuberculosis, leprosy, filariasis, dysentery, even venereal diseases took their weighty toll.

Now, on the health score, Midkiff is particularly proud. A definite program has been set in motion by which leprosy should be wiped

out in three generations. A new convalescent house plan is a much-needed adjunct to the islands' limited hospital facilities. These houses (thatched roof and sides, island style) are situated on the edge of settlements. TB sufferers can keep to themselves, tended by village chiefs and others, until they have passed the contagious stage.

"Because so much can be accomplished with a little training," says Midkiff, "even greater results can be achieved when capable Micronesians are given reasonably advanced learning. Such is the story of Dr. Isaac Lanwi, a Marshallese 'Native Medical Practitioner' who for a year studied eye surgery in Hawaii.

"During a recent survey he made throughout the Trust Territory, he treated some 400 patients and performed 39 eye operations, mostly involving the removal of cataracts which, as you know, is a very intricate performance."

Another unique approach to the medical problem is the hospital ship *Freia*, a 103-foot schooner fitted out with X-ray, operating room, dentist's chair and all. A search is on for a young doctor, preferably with a wife-technician. As soon as such a couple can be located, the *Freia* will sail on her mercy voyages.

Education, as might be expected under Midkiff, is on the upturn. Some 8,000 children are enrolled in approximately 170 elementary and intermediate schools, public and mis-

sion. And in Truk, 105 boys and girls are attending a specially designed American high school.

A magazine, the *Micronesian Monthly*, not only keeps the islands posted on local and outside news but provides soundings for us Stateside folks of the undercurrents in the Trust Territory.

In many ways Midkiff is trying to bolster the economy of his United Nations trusteeship. He would particularly like dock facilities to be modernized so that freighters would stop by for the some 3,000 tons of copra which could be available every three months.

A considerable number of Micronesians now own chickens and hogs, which — humble as it may sound — really means something. And on Tinian, under Navy supervision, a special cattle breeding project is under way.

SELF-GOVERNMENT is being fostered, with periodic Atoll Chiefs Conferences the parliamentary high spots. It is modeled — insofar as the Micronesians desire it — after our own democratic governing sessions, whether city hall or Capitol in Washington — complete all except for the filibuster. And that will doubtless come.

While the Micronesians are a long way from being a race of small shopkeepers, things are looking up in this respect. Latest count showed 403 general merchandise stores in the islands, 75 restaurants, 84 baker-

ies, 12 barber shops, 6 gas stations, and 10 tailors.

Quick to learn American aptitudes, the young men have mastered even the intricate outboard motor. Lagoons buzz with them now, carrying coconuts and fish from early morning until late into the evening.

Nonetheless, for those who earn their bread by the sea, life still has its rigors. Recently seven Marshallese fishermen became lost in a storm while making an open-sea voyage. For more than 100 days, no land relieved the monotony of the blue, shifting horizon. Two died of hunger and exposure. At last, the five survivors came ashore in the New Hebrides, 1,800 miles to the south!

Midkiff's "children" are indeed a promising lot, which is partly why he places so much faith in them.

"They show a tremendous adaptability," he explains, "to the ways of the Western world. Considering their remote life on these lonely islands, their determination and their aptitude are little short of miraculous.

"In every way, the more I work with them, the more I find myself learning from them. Their faith and courage in spite of odds which many of us would consider insuperable is a constant source of inspiration."

Chances are the gentle island folk, as they watch the lights at Midkiff's various island offices burn late into the night, think very much the same of him.

A LEXICON FOR LEFTISTS

*Reading the Pinko press can be fun . . .
if you know the language*

BY W. R. NUGENT

Academic Freedom — The “right” to use American tax money to teach subversion.

Book Burners — Those who believe that books recommending the violent overthrow of Government should not be bought with Government funds.

Character Assassination — Calling a Communist by his right name.

Discrimination — The denial of sensitive Government jobs to members of subversive organizations.

Gestapo — Any Federal, state, or local police agency that uncovers, or interferes with, Communist activities.

Guilt by Association — The application of inductive reasoning to lifetime supporters of left-wing movements.

Hysteria — Any concern about subversive activities.

Inquisition — Any investigation of subversive activities.

Mass Uprising — A petition signed by fifty Commies.

McCarthyism — The doctrine that the Fifth Amendment was not designed to aid those who would destroy our Constitution.

Nazi-Fascist — Anti-Communist.

Stool Pigeon — Any witness in a Congressional investigation who does not invoke the Fifth Amendment.

Terrorized Masses — Americans who are proud to sign a loyalty oath, and do so.

Tool of Wall Street — Thrifty American housewife who owns ten shares of common stock.

Witch Hunters — Those who believe that the existence of Communist organizations proves the existence of Communists.

Young Mr. Piper Visits New York

BY ROBERT PIPER



Editor's Note: *When a member of the staff told us her son, attending a Falmouth, Maine, high school, had a week to spend in New York, the Editors of the AMERICAN MERCURY thought it would be a good idea to take a typical American boy and show him the wonders New Yorkers take for granted.*

Robert Piper, in his own words, herewith describes his visit to Bagdad-on-the-Hudson.

"GEE! Aren't you scared? Are you really going to fly down? Boy, would I like to be going." This is what Jay and Dick, my younger brothers, said to me after I had told

them that I was to fly to New York City the following Friday. This was to be my first flight. I don't think I was scared, just a bit anxious to get started. I have wanted to fly ever since I was a small boy, and at last I have had my wish fulfilled.

I walked from the ramp of the airport up the stairs into the plane. It was quite small and was not exactly as I had expected it to be. Suddenly the engines roared to life, the plane taxied to the end of the runway and stopped. It seemed to take hours for the plane to start forward again. Then it moved. I felt the surge of power and before I realized it, I was on my first flight.

I am not going to take the time or the space to describe what I saw on that first flight of mine. For almost everyone has at one time or another read about or seen the same things I saw. I can only say that everyone should take at least one flight in his life at night, for it is a truly marvelous spectacle.

This was my second trip to New York. I wasted no time before starting on my week of sightseeing. The morning after I arrived I received tickets to the Victor Borge show. They were for that afternoon's performance and so I had a little time to do some window shopping before the show.

I was so impressed by Mr. Borge's sense of humor and his witty retorts to hecklers, that I made arrangements to see his show again before I left the city. I again saw the show on the next Monday with some friends of mine. I was equally enthused after I had seen "The Borge Show" a second time.

I HAVE read many stories of the country boy visiting the big city, and immediately getting into some sort of jam. I didn't think that there was too much truth in it. Believe me, there is. I wouldn't say I was really a country boy. For I live six miles from the largest city in Maine and it isn't often you find cows, pigs, or chickens running around the back yards of the homes in Falmouth. But for not being a country bumpkin, I certainly got

into some nice scrapes. After the second Victor Borge show, I took the subway home. I entered the apartment building and proceeded to ride the self-service elevator to the ninth floor. I walked from the elevator and tried the key in the apartment door. It wouldn't work. I tried again with the same results. I then rang the bell. It was about ten minutes before I could waken anyone in the apartment. After a long time a woman came to the door, and without opening it, asked me what I wanted. It didn't sound like my mother, and after she had called me a madman and a few other choice nicknames, I was sure it wasn't my mother. I had stepped off the elevator at the eighth floor instead of the ninth. After a hasty apology, I returned to the elevator and hastened to the right apartment.

But I wasn't content to stop with entering into only one dilemma; I had to pull another boner before I left. A few nights later I returned from the show only to find out that I didn't have my keys with me. It took me from 1:15 in the morning until 3:30 to wake my mother so that I could get into the apartment.

The friends I spoke of earlier are Bob Stoddard and Brad Shaw. Both of them live in a small town on the other side of Falmouth. I think that they also were involved in their share of mix-ups while they were in the city. I guess I don't have to feel so badly about my experiences after hearing of some of theirs.

One of the most impressive places I visited was the New York Athletic Club. Bob, Brad and I had a very nice visit there with the editor of this magazine. We were given a first-class tour through the entire building before our lunch. What a place! I could easily have spent my entire week living in that building alone.

THE next afternoon, I met the Editor's wife at her apartment. The two of us then left on a tour of the city. She had planned this excursion for quite some time. Our first stop was the Metropolitan Museum of Art. I was very much interested in the fine exhibits and displays in the huge structure, but I found that I enjoyed the new cafeteria more than anything else in the building. Of all the nice restaurants I have eaten at, in New York, I would have to give that cafeteria my recommendation to Duncan Hines. It had good food, a wonderful atmosphere, and beautifully done interior decorating.

That evening Bob, Brad, a friend of my mother's, and I went to see "Almanac." This was the first Broadway production that I had ever seen. I was very much intrigued by the dancing and singing of the cast.

After that, the boys went home and we went to some of the New York night spots on Broadway. We visited Charlie Drews' Room at the Taft Hotel. We also sat in on a jam

session at a small Broadway night club. I think that listening to that music was one of the high-lights of my trip. I have already told of what happened on the night I left my keys home. This was the night, and boy was I glad to hit the sack after a very trying day.

I was a little tired the next morning when I joined the editor's wife for our trip of thirty-five miles in a boat around the island of Manhattan. It took only five minutes on the water with a cold wind blowing on me to thoroughly wake me up. To illustrate the fact that the tour should be a "must" on vacations to New York, I would like to mention something about the number of pictures I took on that boat ride. When I left my apartment, I was under the false impression that the trip would be quite dull, so I only took one roll of film for my camera.

Before I had left the boat, I had bought three extra films. As each film will give me twelve pictures, it can be easily realized that I was quite interested in the tour, and that the trip was far from being dull.

After our morning excursion, we visited Greenwich Village, Chinatown, and the downtown financial district, in that order. All three of which proved capable targets for the camera of a young shutter-bug. Of the three sections, the financial district was most impressive. The buildings are of tremendous height. The streets are narrow, therefore making the buildings seem very

close to one another. This all gave an illusion of even greater height than they really possessed.

NEW YORK CITY is inhabited by all kinds of people. In a class all by themselves are the taxi drivers. Not that they talk or look any different from others; it's just that they seem to have their own special guardian angel to look after them. I admire their skill and friendliness but I am more impressed by their courage than by any other trait. Where else would a person ride as fast and as seemingly recklessly as in the back seat of a New York taxi cab? The drivers must live charmed lives, for I didn't see an accident or even a dented fender on my trip.

On Saturday, I went to the United Nations building and took a tour through the grounds. The massive meeting chambers were all I expected, but my big disappointment was that we were not taken to the top of the building. It seems that the only things up there are offices and the tour leader wouldn't waste our time by taking us up through them. I would have liked to have gone to the top just for a view of the city from up there.

That evening I saw a show that

I hadn't seen in four years. The circus was in town, at Madison Square Garden. Seeing bears, lions, and clowns romping on the floor, where last winter I saw basketball players running, gave me a rather odd feeling. It was a wonderful show that had me thrilled until the last second had passed.

Yankee Stadium! The home of the "World Champs." From the above it might sound as if I were a Yankee fan. I am not. I happen to belong to the selected group of people that fate chose to become Red Sox fans. I wouldn't drop the chance to see big league baseball just because the Red Sox weren't playing. I enjoyed the game very much — well, as much as I could enjoy a game the Yankees won.

As I sat on the plane that was taking me away from New York, I thought of all the wonderful adventures I had just had, and of how lucky I was to have them happen to me. I thought of all my friends who helped me put this article together, and of my mother who was responsible for this trip. They made it possible for me to do everything I wanted to do and I hope they all realize how grateful I am. I hope that someday I will be able to do some small favor in return.

» New Yorkers are nice about giving you street directions; in fact, they seem quite proud of knowing where they are themselves.

— *Katharine Brush*, American novelist

Calling All BLEEDERS

By Pearl P. Puckett

PERHAPS the most unusual foundation ever to be established in the state of Nebraska, or any other state for that matter, is the Foundation for Bleeders. And if you've never had a "bleeder" in your family, you cannot begin to appreciate fully the blessing and peace of mind that such an organization can contribute to a community or household.

Recent statistics show that hemophilia has outgrown its old classification as a rare disease. Your town, community or city may not be full of bleeders but the disease is certainly on the increase. Since the new Foundation for Bleeders was established in Omaha, Nebraska, more than one hundred persons have popped up in and around the immediate vicinity.

One of the original organizers of the movement which resulted in the new Foundation was Don Gaughenbaugh, a retired jeweler, who is a bleeder himself and one of the best-informed persons on hemophilia in the United States.

"You find bleeders everywhere you go," Don says, "and most of the cases are pitiful. The ignorance about hemophilia is amazing, and this ignorance must be overcome."

The Hemophilia Foundation is actually "calling all bleeders." The Foundation wants to learn the identity of those suffering from the disease in order to bring benefits of the Foundation to them. It is their aim to establish a frozen blood plasma bank in Nebraska to benefit its members. Transfusion of fresh blood or plasma is the only treatment. Ordinary blood plasma, such as that collected by the Red Cross or in the average blood bank, is of no benefit at all—in fact, it is worse than nothing, due to the fact that the coagulating agent is quickly lost unless it is immediately frozen.

Hemophilia is an extremely crippling disease, and the pain accompanying constant internal bleeding is excruciating. A victim's life is in constant danger, even in the normal course of living. A child afflicted with the disease is in dire danger at every turn of the road. A tooth pulled, a small bump or scratch, an insect bite that draws blood may kill him unless medical attention is at hand. Blood of a hemophiliac does not coagulate.

Paradoxically, the disease is inherited by males, although the females are the actual carriers.

Don has had more than three hundred transfusions, and an estimated ten thousand hemorrhages, and knows the ins and outs of living with the affliction. Since he is only 50, chances are he will have hundreds more transfusions, yet he is facing the future unafraid, dedicating his life to helping others suffering from hemophilia. And as Don says: "I have the means to take care of myself. I am more interested in reaching those who cannot afford the care they need or do not know what can be done for them, as hemophilia is one of the most expensive diseases, if not *the* most, known today."

✦ Don has invented a special freezing device to shut off the bleeding. His gadget has saved his own life on two different occasions when doctors could find no means of checking his bleeding. Such a device would be especially valuable to dentists. It will stop hemophilic bleeding if the bleeding point can be easily reached (such as a tooth socket or an outside cut or scratch).

✦ Recently, an Omaha youngster had his tooth pulled. It turned into a major catastrophe. It required months to actually stop the bleeding.

This was young Kenny Holm-

strom, twelve years old and good at arithmetic, but who cannot begin to remember the number of transfusions he has had to bolster up his waning blood supply.

✦ "He has to be very careful," his mother explained, "A bump might lay him up for days. A cut could be much worse. The other day he got clipped on the head with a toy pistol. It was just a light blow, the kind that most boys shrug off. But Kenny was different — it raised a knot the size of a lemon, turned his face and neck black and blue and closed his eyes."

✦ Kenny is going to have another tooth pulled soon, but Don Gaughenbaugh has promised to let him use his special freezing gadget to shut off the bleeding.

✦ Hemophilia is a costly illness because transfusions are costly, and in order to live at all one must have hundreds of transfusions. A slight accident may prove fatal — even getting a transfusion of the wrong blood may prove fatal.

If you are a hemophiliac, regardless of where you live or your financial status, the Foundation For Bleeders has pledged their all to help you. Indeed, they are Calling All Bleeders.

» True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

— *William Shakespeare*

LEGAL



HIGHWAY ROBBERY

By Virginia Roller Batdorff

TRUCKS, the headache of every motorist who has ever wheeled along a narrow highway behind a huge tractor-trailer outfit, are rapidly becoming our nation's number one migraine. What started out to be a good thing, the hauling of goods by truck, has turned like a hungry jackal and threatens to devour us.

At least that is the opinion of the frustrated motorist, who watches highways which he thought were built for him disintegrate before his eyes — apparently pounded to pieces by trucks which he cannot get around, nor under nor over.

A recent Gallup poll on the subject concisely sums it up: Sixty-two per cent of the people approve keeping heavy trucks off the main highways during certain hours on week-ends and holidays. Eighty-two per cent of those polled would like to get trucks out of their hair by providing separate lanes for them in planning future highways.

"Something must be done," is the collective cry. "If it weren't for trucks we'd have adequate highways without strangling traffic congestion." And his brain is hot with hate when the motorist thinks of the taxes he pays on license fees and gasoline so that trucks can operate at his expense.

But are his opinions justified? Let us look at the facts.

In 1904 there were only 700 trucks on the government registration lists compared with 54,000 automobiles, a ratio of about 77 automobiles to one truck. In the ensuing 50 years, while trucks have increased to more than 9,000,000, automobiles have increased equally as fast to 43,000,000.

This great mass of steel is glutting our highway system — a system which twenty to thirty years ago was built to accommodate an expected one-third of its present capacity of vehicles. Our highway congestion today is clearly a case of too much rice for the pot. But as

many a motorist sees it, the crux of our highway problem is, "Who has the right to our roads, the motor car or the truck?"

In his justifiable rage over lumbering trucks, which he can see only too clearly, the motorist has lost sight of his tax dollars — tax dollars which would buy him better and wider highways if they were used for the purpose for which he paid them.

He does not realize that not only his, but the tax dollars from other highway users, including trucks and busses, are being diverted to other purposes (such as the Federal Government's general fund, miscellaneous state funds, education and non-highway debts) in such tremendous amounts that there is little money left to pay for the newer, broader, safer highways he so desperately needs.

ANNUALLY, our nation's highway users pay almost \$2 billion in Federal gasoline and excise taxes. (This does not include state highway use taxes.) Of this amount, over \$500 million, or 25 per cent, goes into the construction of new highways. The other 75 per cent is gobbled up by the Federal Government's general tax fund, or is diverted to other purposes.

Consider the plight of only one of the 48 states in this situation. In Ohio, in 1953, for instance, the state was \$33½ million short of the \$50 million it needed for highways during that year.

Ohio's highway department asked the state legislature for more money. This money was raised by the legislators by enacting an axle-mile tax on trucks. Ohio's citizens now pay this tax in increased shipping costs on the goods they consume. Yet the Federal Government has not returned to Ohio the \$48 million in gasoline taxes it collected from the motoring public during 1952 and which rightfully belongs to the state.

The present two-cent-a-gallon Federal gasoline tax, along with the other Federal taxes on motor vehicles, tires and parts, which our government has been gobbling up, was adopted as an emergency measure during depression days, the money going mainly for poor relief.

The Federal gasoline tax alone amounts to an estimated \$825 million annually and is historically the main source of highway revenues for the states. If the Federal Government were to turn back this one tax source to the 48 states, the money would go a long way in relieving highway congestion by helping to build more highways, or at least in improving parts of our outmoded and inadequate network of roads.

And this Federal diversion of the motorists' and the commercial highway users' tax dollar is only one of the ways their highway tax money is being squandered.

Twenty-four of our states have no constitutional amendment requiring them to use their highway tax funds for highway construction

and maintenance only. They may use the highway levy dollar as they see fit. There's no law to prohibit them.

These 24 states really polish off the balance of the highway users' tax money.

FOR EXAMPLE, in Rhode Island, in 1952, a total of \$11,756,000 collected by that state from its highway users was available for highway construction and maintenance. \$4,826,000 of that amount, or almost half, was diverted to other purposes.

Delaware, in 1951, diverted more of its highway tax money than it allocated for highway work. Florida and New Jersey are notable in the huge amounts they take from highway construction and maintenance funds to spend for other purposes.

Only recently did Georgia, Alabama and Arizona adopt constitutional amendments making diversion of highway tax funds illegal.

Besides Federal and state diversion of the motorist's tax money, he is also being fleeced out of an additional estimated \$500 a year. This is the money he loses in idling time on congested highways — money wasted in millions of gallons of gasoline which take him nowhere.

A recent study in California shows that it costs 5.6 cents a mile to operate a car on a congested highway compared to only 3.3 cents a mile on an open road.

What can the average motorist do about this highway robbery?

The first thing he can do is realize that in one sense he and the truck are in the same fix. Both he and the obnoxious truck in front of him are necessary to our economy and both are here to stay. But as long as the motorist complains only about the truck he will continue to be cheated out of better highways, which could safely accommodate both vehicles. (Trucks and busses comprise 18 per cent of the commercial registrations and pay 35 per cent of the highway use taxes while the cars make up the other 82 per cent and pay 65 per cent.)

He can also demand that before his congressman votes for new Federal aid for highways that first he wants legislation enacted to outlaw the yearly diversion of \$2 billion in Federal gasoline and excise taxes.

And if he lives in one of the 24 states which have not yet provided in their constitutions that diversion of highway use taxes is illegal, he definitely can stake a claim for better highways by demanding from his local representative action to abolish this archaic practice.

If the combined total of the diverted Federal and state highway users' funds had been allocated only for highway construction during the years between 1924 and 1952, our 40,000 mile network of main highway arteries — those roads which we now move over at a snail's pace — today could have been broad freeways which all of us might be enjoying with safety.

BY C. C. RANDOLPH



Letter from Tacoma

WE HEAR a great deal in these troubled times about freedom: freedom of speech and press and in our individual lives. This raises the question, how free are we?

I am a common American citizen, one of the one hundred and sixty millions of people living under the protection of our Government. I have been meditating upon my own freedom as a sample of what other Americans enjoy.

In looking back over my eighty-three years of life as a citizen of the United States, I cannot think of anything which was *right* that I was ever prevented from doing, by any law or public official. No one in authority ever tries to limit me in doing what I please as a law-abiding citizen. I can say what I please about anybody or on any subject without going to jail therefor. I can cuss the President of the United States or any of the public officials without being lined up before a firing squad. I can go when and where I please without any official paying any attention to me.

I am proud of my country with all her faults, mistakes, and weak and corrupt officials. When Old Glory passes

down the street in parade and is being greeted with cheers by the crowd, I often feel a lump in my throat so that I cannot pay vocal tribute, while I doff my hat in silent reverence. The sight of the flag fills my heart with love and inspiration. As a citizen of this country, the son of honorable parents and a child of God, I am blessed with the most sacred of birthrights.

Many people who live under the protection of our Constitution and enjoy the right to think, speak, write and act as they please fail to appreciate such privileges. They advocate a change of government; they blindly advocate a regime that would make slaves of all of us, including those who advocate such changes. They would give service and loyalty to human gods instead of the one God of all.

I know a few such people and I cannot understand their trend of thought. I do not believe they realize the danger of the conditions they are asking for. Many of them in their ignorance and selfishness are willing stooges for the ungodly forces of the world. Can we say, in the words of the Saviour, "For-



give them, for they know not what they do"? Possibly so, but stop them in their damnable work first, and forgive afterwards.

ONE TROUBLE is that some of our laws in regards to such people, or at least the interpretations placed upon some laws, are too lax. Many of our public officials cater to such influences for political gain, thus ignoring the danger to our country.

Some of our courts also are too lenient with such offenders. The judges often lean over backward in order to uphold our traditional human rights. They turn many such enemies loose, or give them a minimum sentence, and they are soon back in their old place on the wrecking crew. Even the great majority of the American people are not awake to the national danger.

All those who advocate the overthrow of the Government by force or otherwise are traitors at heart and in fact, and should be dealt with accordingly. They are guilty of treason. In time of war, treason is usually punishable by death; why is the crime not considered the same in time of peace? The purpose and proposed results are the same. Why so much leniency to present-day traitors?

Many crimes are committed in the name of freedom or in defense of individual liberty. Some of the most destructive forces in the world use the name freedom when what they advocate means anything else

but freedom. To quote the Bill of Rights is their stock in trade while they peddle their destructive wares. They are willing to sell their birth-right for a mess of pottage even as Esau; the crime is greater, because Esau was hungry; they are not hungry, but well fed.

True freedom is based upon the principles contained in the first two Commandments of Jesus Christ, to love God and our fellow man. We have this blessed right at its best, here in the United States of America. But it does *not* mean a license to do as one pleases through evil desires; that is the abuse of liberty. Freedom means the right to do right.

It is time to quit harboring rats in our national household. We keep feeding and protecting them while they breed more rats. Unless we get busy and rid our land of such vermin they will finally overrun us.

Some of the most contemptible of such rats are the ministers and officials of the churches who give their support to Communism. While pretending to serve God in the organizations dedicated to spreading the gospel of the Christ, they are aiding and abetting the forces that would destroy all churches. They are serving the purpose of those who say there is no God.

In practically the same class, however, are those who are trusted to teach our youth and also those who are employed and trusted in Government service. The principles are the same.

The Lynching That Failed

By HAROLD LORD VARNEY

THE vaudeville show, as Joe McCarthy calls it, is now off the boards. It was superb theater while it lasted. In its eight weeks it served up all the ingredients of conflict, suspense, uncommon type-casting as well as plain, ten-twenty-thirty ham.

It gave the Welches, the Jenkinsons, the Jacksons, the Symingtons, even the tedious Flanderses, a flood-lighted stage upon which to strut before the nation. And how they strutted!

But it did something else which is likely to bring the flush of shame to many Americans for years to come. It shattered the myth of American fair play and sportsmanship — at least, for large groups of the national population. It revealed alarmingly that under the Brooks Brothers correctness of many of our “best people” there burns a frontier mob spirit which can seize the lynching rope and the tar and feather pot and

take off, with killer fury, against anyone who presents a threat to the bi-partisan, Europe-first grip on Washington. An ugly thing has come into our politics — a respectable Ivy League mob which will resort to any political foulness to destroy the man who won't go along.

♥ The same junto which broke the heart of Bob Taft in 1952 turned the full poison treatment against Joe McCarthy in these hearings. They failed miserably. But they would have succeeded crushingly if they had been up against a weaker or more faltering man.

The institution which came out of the controversy covered with pitch was the metropolitan newspaper. With a few admirable exceptions, the role of the big city newspaper in the McCarthy lynching was dirty and dishonorable. The anti-McCarthy press went on an unrestrained

smear binge, with every trick of phony headlining, slanted story leads and news column editorializing to cast McCarthy and his associates before the nation's readers as the villains of the piece. By the same token, the evasions, the quibblings and the palpable misrepresentations of the Stevenses and the Adamses were glossed over and underplayed. Not only the lunatic fringe press practiced this deception. Top-flight papers like the *New York Herald Tribune*, the *Baltimore Sun*, the *Washington Post*, even the ordinarily ethical *New York Times*, resorted to such persistent slanting. All were out to smash McCarthy, by fair means or by foul.

HAD we been in the pre-television age, the papers would probably have gotten away with it. Television, with its 30,000,000 viewers, gave away the show. An American public which sat in front of the receivers and saw with its own eyes that it wasn't happening the way the anti-McCarthy papers were reporting it, couldn't be fooled. In this first major test of the relative news accuracy of television and the press, it was TV which was the medium of truth, and the newspaper which was the purveyor of the lie.

The flashback of the long and repetitious ordeal lights up a few big and revealing moments when the real motivation behind the charges came into sudden focus. It is characteristic of the lynch spirit which

inspired the anti-McCarthy press that it muffed all these moments in its reportage.

Senator Everett M. Dirksen, one of the few participants who never lost his sense of fair play, touched off one of these.

The Committee had been listening for two days to the unpleasant whine of John G. Adams. This fixer had stubbornly stuck to his story that the Schine charges, which he had authored, were in no sense inspired by the Army's desire to end the embarrassing Fort Monmouth hearings. He had repudiated the McCarthy countercharge, that their real motivation was to block the subpoena of the Army Loyalty Board. This was a pivotal point. For if the McCarthy countercharges were validated, the "Army" Schine charges would be shown up as so much political blackmail.

Then Dirksen pulled the rug out from under him.

Taking the stand as a witness, he revealed that on January 22, 1954, Adams had visited him in his office, accompanied by Gerald Morgan, one of President Eisenhower's White House secretaries, "to enlist his [Dirksen's] influence to kill those subpoenas and to stop them." At the same time, Dirksen said, Adams dropped a "hint" that the "Army" was in possession of a damaging Cohn-Schine file which might "be issued and ventilated on the front pages," to the serious damage of the standing of the McCarthy Com-

mittee. Dirksen said that Adams distinctly "coupled" the threatened Schine disclosures with the calling off of the Loyalty Board subpoenas.

• After the Illinoisan had finished, the whole dishonest "Army" case lay in ruins at the Committee feet. It had been positively established, by the word of a disinterested witness, that the Cohn-Schine charges were not in good faith, but were intended as a weapon over Senator McCarthy's head. The counter-charges had been proven.

At this point, no honest course lay before the Committee but to end the hearings and return a verdict for McCarthy.

Was such a step taken, or even contemplated? The McCarthy haters of the press, radio, and White House who had bleated so much about moral issues, contemptuously ignored the moral issue which Senator Dirksen had lighted up. With one voice they insisted that the meaningless hearings must go on.

• Adams, who was the Pentagon's hair shirt in the proceedings, also triggered the second big moment of the hearings. That was his admission, in his May 12th testimony, that the preparation of the Schine "dossier," supposedly a Stevens-Adams venture, had actually been touched off at a meeting on January 21st at the Department of Justice attended by Sherman Adams, Attorney-General Herbert Brownell, Assistant Attorney General William P. Rogers, H.

Struve Hensel, Henry Cabot Lodge, and Gerald Morgan.

Why Adams made this ghastly revelation will long be a subject for argument. Until he blurted it out, the confab had been one of the most closely guarded Washington secrets. Perhaps Adams, foreseeing the collapse of the case against McCarthy, wanted to make certain, by implicating these top names, that he wouldn't end up as the sacrificial goat.

• Once the January 21st meeting had been revealed, there was no longer any case against McCarthy. The facts were there — naked and exposed — to prove to the nation that the Schine "dossier" had never been an honest indictment of the conduct of the Senator, and of Roy Cohn. It had never been anything else but a clumsy subterfuge to knock off McCarthy politically. The defenders were shown to be the actual attackers.

• The White House retorted with its Iron Curtain order. The action was a tacit admission of guilt. By no stretch of the imagination could it be shown that publicity about this meeting would have endangered national security. What it would have endangered was the moral prestige of the top figures in the Eisenhower administration, and it would have helped Joe McCarthy. Hence, the White House imposed the gag.

• The action was so raw that, for a time, it threatened to blow up the whole performance. Sessions were

postponed for six days. During these days, the demoralized anti-McCarthyites closed ranks, and with the aid of the Alsops, Walter Lippmann, James Reston, etc., they introduced the red herring of a "constitutional issue." All the anti-McCarthy publicity batteries went to work on this issue and sold the country the nonsense that the hearings must be resumed to resolve a "constitutional crisis." The committee decided to accept the gag and go on with the hearings. Of course, since the establishment of motive was now ruled out, all the sessions after this date were pointless.

But the final and irretrievable discreditment of the anti-McCarthy case came with the reading of the monitored telephone calls. The anti-McCarthyites had made a great mystery about these calls. The implication was that, once the monitored calls were placed in evidence, they would blow the McCarthy case galley-west.

AFTER this build-up, the let-down was terrific. When the Cohn-Stevens and the Cohn-Adams calls were read into the record the whole picture of a blustering, bullying Cohn which the anti-McCarthy press had so sedulously built up was shattered. The charge of "threats" and "undue pressure" was shown to be an Adams fiction.

But the crowning shock to the "Army" case was the reading of the Stevens-Symington calls. They pre-

sented the ultra-respectable Secretary Stevens — McCarthy's principal challenger — in a pathetic light. They disclosed that this stiff-necked Eisenhower appointee had:

(1) Appealed to Symington, a Democrat, to aid him against McCarthy, one of the major figures in his own Republican Party:

(2) Asked Symington to get him a lawyer, and had permitted the crafty Missourian to foist upon him Clark Clifford, a Truman protégé, as the master-mind of the "get McCarthy" drive:

(3) Admitted to Symington, in describing the Cohn-Schine charges, "I don't think there is much there . . . I have no personal complaint . . . I think there has been some talk around that has been very much exaggerated over anything that is there."

After such a public reading of Stevens' own private opinion of the Schine nonsense, the hearings rapidly degenerated into farce. When the principal McCarthy accuser conceded that "I have no personal complaint," the whole case came apart at the seams.

Unfortunately, the anti-McCarthy press was not honest enough to admit publicly that the Senator had been vindicated. The smearers continued to parrot the smears, just as if the disproof was not before the country. The McCarthy enemies forced the proceedings to go on to the last vengeful, pointless word.

Joseph C. Welch, the Uriah Heep-

like "Army" counsel, showed his appalling lack of magnanimity at the end by staging a tawdry exhibition of anti-McCarthy hokum.

Retorting to the McCarthy statement that Welch had tried to foist upon the hearings as his assistant one Fred Fisher, a three-year member of the Communist-front National Lawyers' Guild, the old courtroom fox quavered "cruel" and "heartless" at the Wisconsin Senator. It was a great act, and the listeners ate it up, but it convinced only those who already hated McCarthy. The next day the anti-McCarthy press had a veritable field day of national sobbing over Fred Fisher, a young man who will undoubtedly build a lucrative legal career on the priceless nation-wide TV advertising which McCarthy gratuitously gave him on this occasion.

In retrospect, the nation will look back on the McCarthy hearings as one of the more visceral exhibitions

of the American spirit. It was politics at a near-all-time low.

No reputations were won in the weary weeks: some hitherto esteemed reputations were tarnished or lost. By poetic justice, the real losers were the men who planted the plot. William P. Rogers, Sherman Adams, H. Struve Hensel, even Henry Cabot Lodge, will bear scars in their future careers that millions of Republicans will not forget. Secretary Stevens, who was largely a patsy in the whole performance, can no longer be taken as a serious figure. McCarthy himself has suffered spiritual wounds from this long Golgotha, but he has not been hurt politically. His gallant fight against originally hopeless odds, his tragic aloneness in the Senate in the early weeks of the controversy, his sportsmanship under low blows from those who should be his friends, have endeared him to millions. His comeback will be swift and certain.



When You Change Your Address

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WHY THE POSTAL DEPARTMENT WILL NEVER SUPPORT ITSELF

ANONYMOUS

DURING every session of Congress some lawmaker gets up and makes a long-winded speech charging the Postal Department with mismanagement. The speech is usually climaxed with this often-asked question, "Why can't the Post Office Department support itself?"



In a futile attempt to get this department out of the red, bills are introduced in almost every session to raise postal rates. The American public is always angry when rates are increased, and they have every reason to be.

None of the big wheels in Washington seems to understand why the Postal Department continues to lose money, even after the recent drastic hikes in second, third and fourth class mail. I am only a small cog in a small post office in Oklahoma, but I know why the mail continues to cost the taxpayers several millions each year, in addition to the heavy postage they pay.

• I do not deny that we have a few

loafers and politicians in the Postal Department, who are trying to draw their pay while doing as little work as possible. However, during my

seven years as a postal employee, I have marveled at the efficiency and the sincerity of a vast majority of all the workers.

• But notwithstanding some mismanagement and politics in the Post Office Department, we would still manage to operate in the black, and would eventually be able to lower postal rates, if we did not have to deliver the mail, free of charge, for every other department in the government.

• The Veterans Administration must mail several trainloads of mail each year in order to serve our nation's 18 million veterans. As every American knows who makes over \$600 per year, the Treasury Department has to get in touch with him at least once a year. Income tax blanks are mailed out once a year to millions of Americans and many postal clerks

must work overtime, at extra pay, to deliver them.

Most of the mail sent out by our government departments is necessary in order to keep any particular department functioning properly. However, the Department of Agriculture and our Congressmen and Senators continually flood the mail with propaganda that has no legitimate reason to be mailed.

While delivering the mail to 400 families for seven years, I have found that over one-fourth of the first-class mail I deliver travels free. The taxpayers who pay for the delivery of this free mail would be dumbfounded to see how members in both houses of Congress abuse their franking privileges, especially before election.

Several times a year most legislators send out hundreds of thousands of brown envelopes containing copies of speeches they have made on the floor. Their sole object is to convince their constituents that they are doing a good job, and the constituents are indirectly paying the bill.

Because these franked letters are first class, all must be forwarded to people who have changed their address. A clerk can finish with 50 pieces of ordinary mail while he is looking up the forwarding address of someone who has moved away.

Outnumbering all the mail sent out by Congress and all other departments of our government, are the letters, pamphlets and cards sent

free by the Department of Agriculture. Only a small percentage of these come from Washington; perhaps that is why we rural mail carriers know more clearly than most citizens what is going on.

IN ALMOST every agricultural town of 4000 population there is a local County Agent, a Home Demonstration Agent, a Soil Conservation Office, a Farm Home Administration Office in addition to the local Production and Marketing Administration Office.

Many of these jobs overlap, and each office has more people on the payroll than are needed. Therefore, they spend most of their time trying to convince the public that rural Americans simply could not operate without this ever-growing army of agricultural experts.

After handling this tonnage of mail sent out by local agricultural experts for seven years, I am convinced that 90 per cent of their outgoing mail, like that of Congress, is to impress the people of what a good job the department is doing.

As I said in the beginning, the Postal Department is not without its faults. However, before Congressmen and Senators continue to criticize the Post Office Department, they should clean out a few of their own closets.

If the worst offenders would stop "politicking" by mail, the Postal Department would get out of the red, and rates could be reduced.



In the MERCURY'S Opinion

President Dwight D. Eisenhower
The White House
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. President:

Millions of voters — Republican, Independent and many Democrats — have begun to wonder what they voted for in November, 1952.

Many of these American voters cast their ballots for you, hopefully but with grave misgivings.

It was hard for them to stomach supporting, even indirectly, the ruthless politicians who cried, "Thief," in their bitter determination to defeat one of the greatest Americans of this or any other generation, Senator Robert A. Taft.

Despite doubts, many millions of voters wanted a complete change in Washington. They were sick of the crime, corruption and softness toward Communism which warped and sullied the two preceding ad-

ministrations. It was a sincere hope that you would give the American people a thorough housecleaning of our governmental structure.

Of one thing I am absolutely certain: the voters did not elect you with any thought that major efforts of your administration would be bent toward the political destruction of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy. The spectacle of the shouting and hysteria of your advisers in their determination to "get McCarthy" was not dreamed of by millions of those who went to the polls in November, 1952.

In a recent speech you said, "Through knowledge and understanding, we will drive from the temple of freedom all who seek to establish over us thought control — whether they be agents of a foreign state or demagogues thirsty for personal power and public notice." Your spokesmen let it be known that you referred to Senator Mc-

C. D. BATCHELOR'S CARTOON

SPEAK ^{LOUDLY}
~~SOFTLY~~
AND CARRY A
~~BIG STICK~~
POWDER ~~TR~~
PUFF

IKE

C. D. Batchelor

Carthy. I believe, Mr. President, that many millions of Americans will unhesitatingly reject this unworthy castigation of Senator McCarthy's motives. Why can't we disagree without getting disagreeable? Why not be rough with our real enemies and not with one of our teammates?

We find no assurance concerning the future of our country when we consider the sum total of this Administration's domestic program.

Many of us had thought the era of the New Deal, with its coarseness, its gag rules, its socialism, and its toleration of Communists, would come to an end in January, 1953. People are fed up with empty words. Your actions will speak louder than mere words. The American people will gladly follow honest, courageous leadership.

Christian forces are alarmed at our phony dealing with the godless atheistic Communists and their stooges. Why the bitter fight against the badly needed Bricker Amendment? Why the misleading talk about "book burning?" What group urged you to fight to change the McCarran-Walter Act? Do they want to increase our unemployment?

Don't you realize your advisers are fast snowballing us into socialism, the forerunner of Communism? Why don't you drop those advisers who operated in the previous administration?

If there is such a thing as a foreign

policy of this administration, many thinking Americans find themselves unable to detect it. The present policy of alienating 400 millions of Moslems, Hindus, and Arabs in the Middle East, who are strategically located, is suicidal.

One of the generals of our United States Army has recently shocked the American people by his declaration that this country will not be in any position to wage a global war in any foreseeable future. Who misdirected the many billions of dollars that the taxpayers made available for our strength and safety? Was our hydrogen project held up and, if so, by whom?

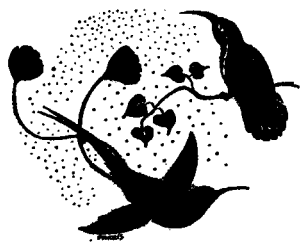
We witness our enemy shipping arms to Guatemala — a direct threat to us. Why don't we help, with arms, "the captives" in back of the Iron Curtain? Can we forsake those hundreds of millions of unhappy prisoners? By withdrawing our recognition of Russia we could give them new hope and start the destruction of the godless tyrants.

One thing they begin to suspect: namely, that a famous saying of a former Republican President has been reversed. It appears that the reversed version of Teddy Roosevelt's admonition is, "Speak loudly and defiantly, and carry a powder puff."

Where are we going, Mr. President?

Yours with genuine alarm,

RUSSELL MAGUIRE



Gay Lotharios of the Wild

BY VANCE J. HOYT

THE COURTSHIP displays and tender ways of animals in love are various and curious, sometimes utterly fantastic; but they all possess in common one predominating trait: gay Lothario must somehow by "a thousand graces," arouse the ardor of his ladylove before he can win her charms. Even in the wild, love isn't based on sexual attraction alone. To an amazing degree, romance plays its emotional part.

Like us humans, some wild suitors promote their courtship by presenting presents to the loved one. Many male shore-birds bring fish to the female to arouse her interest. Johnny Wren presents gifts of twigs to demure little Jenny, which speaks plainer than words his tender feelings. The male waxwing is likely to display his gallantry by offering to his heart's desire some kind of small fruit as a love gift. If she accepts it and does not eat it, he has won. Then he settles down by her side on a branch and the two pass the love token back and forth between them in a trance of ecstasy.

Every feathered lover has his own peculiar way of courting. The snipe slides in circles, dancing like a fairy in the loveliest way imaginable, as he bows and pleads in a most convincing manner; the brilliant and talented ibis seats himself in a graceful position before the one he would have for his mate; while cranes have a regular serenade, and a cake-walk as grotesquely amusing as our own.

During their display some birds actually kiss. Ravens, kingfishers and guillemots hold each other's bill in tender embrace. The male puffin approaches the female and nibbles daintily at her bill. Storks court by facing each other and noisily clapping their big red beaks together. As they become increasingly impassioned, the tempo of their bill-clapping quickens.

Johnny Penguin is one of the most picturesque wooers of the feathered folk. He singles out the girl of his choice and wins the right to court her by using his flappers to knock the wind out of any possible rival.

Once the right to court her is won, he picks up a pebble and drops it at her feet. If the female takes up the pebble, Johnny's marriage proposal has been accepted.

All through nature the love affairs of the wild ones are replete with artful antics, fantastic rituals and sly ruses for winning a mate. The male sea horse, who possesses a pouch for brooding the family eggs, tempts the female by displaying his empty pouch. Repulsed by one female, he will try another until finally one responds by depositing her eggs in his sack for him to hatch and care for the young to follow. Some male spiders make known their suit by plucking the strands of a female's web. If Miss Spider is in the mood for romance she may accept him; if not, she will ignore his overtures or devour him as a tasty tidbit.

THE MALE of a certain crab on the Pacific Coast, known as the uca, has a singular ritual for exciting the female. I have watched this crab at high tide retire into his burrow in the sand, but always at low tide he emerged to display his alluring vestments. In a quarter to half an hour he changed from his usual drab hue to brilliant colors. His carapace became pure white, the big claw bright orange and the legs red. Then approaching the female, he began waving his gaudy-colored claw, beckoning with it and dancing around her in an enticing manner. If she allowed him

to approach her, there was mutual stroking of legs. Finally, overwhelmed, she meekly followed the male into his burrow.

The courting of the wild turkey is not only a matter of wooing but also a contest of bluff and challenge. As soon as the males hear the call of the female they rush to the spot and, whether or not the hen is in sight, fan out and erect their tails, draw their heads back on their shoulders, lower their wings with a quivering motion, and strut about in a pompous manner, at the same time emitting a series of puffs and stopping now and then to charge another male. Thus they work up fierce battles among themselves until the mightiest gobbler routs all rivals.

The rare umbrella bird of Central America is quiet and inconspicuous most of the year. But during the mating season the male begins its booming call that can be heard for miles. As it does so, a hidden sack on its throat swells until it is the size and color of a huge red tomato with a long tassel hanging from it. During this display the tassel vibrates wildly from side to side as a sort of charming love gesture. Beau Brummel really puts on a snazzy show for the girls.



The nuptial dance plays a very important part in the mating habits of some animals. It was always a delightful experience for me to watch the beautiful and interesting love dance of the

prairie sage cock of our western plains and foothills. He would strut about like a soldier on parade with his fan-like tail gracefully spread, his neck poised in the most approved military style. Thus, with wings stiffened and arched to the ground like the sails of a boat, he marched, strutted, drummed, wheeled, and uttered deep guttural and altogether unlovely sounds until some lonely female accepted him for better or worse.

SOME YEARS AGO, I accidentally witnessed the nuptial dance of a pair of black snakes, which proved to be the wildest and most startling animal love-making I'd ever seen in nature. At first the male kept crawling slowly after the female, his tongue darting in and out against her. This went on for some time, increasing in speed until the two snakes, instead of crawling, were racing wildly about, gliding over boulders, up into bushes and down again, as if they had gone mad. Finally the male, overtaking the female, wrapped his neck about her with the speed of lightning and drew himself along her body.

In this position the two continued their dance with their bodies close together, first one and then the other on top, heads held the same distance off the ground. Presently



the female suddenly reared the forward third of her body. The male immediately followed suit and the two posed with their heads close together. After this they continued to move about for some time, preserving the same general figure in spite of their motion. The entire dance continued for fifteen minutes or longer before the two moved off, apparently to mate later.

Males of some butterflies charm and persuade the female with a love potion. Whenever a passing species comes near the male, he sprays the visitor with his perfume. If it turns out to be a female of his own kind, she may settle on the ground and allow him to alight near her. If she does, he goes into his dance, jerkily running around her, rapidly opening and closing his folded wings. This action fans his scent toward her until she literally swoons with rapture.

Even the octopus is not immune to the tender emotions of love. In sight of a prospective mate, waves of color will sweep over him until he is blushing like a bashful swain.

But to win the approval of the female is not always an easy task. Feminine coyness plays its part. The female likes to discourage the male, even as she slyly "leads him on"; for in animal courtships, as well as human, nothing seems to be quite



so stimulating as a little resistance or a bit of a chase.

With some species, the female is definitely the aggressor in flaunting her charms to win the attention of the male. Female monkeys are natural born "vamps," and will go to any length in order to keep on the good side of the dominant male.

THE FEMALE red phalarope marine bird does all the wooing; then after she has won the male's affection, she browbeats him into the job of caring for the hatching of the eggs and the chicks later. When the female European field cricket succumbs to the serenade of her court-ing troubadour, she makes doubly sure that his philandering days are over. After she has accepted the fervent musician, she destroys his fiddle so that never again can he play for the favors of any rival.

Miss Scorpion, however, is the classic example of the proverbial saying, "The female is more deadly than the male." After winning her confidence by a long series of lover's allurements, her beau finally wheedles her into taking a "wedding stroll" with him. With claws outstretched and clasped, and tails prettily arched over their heads, the couple saunters about with measured steps. The male always leads the way by walking backward, never taking his eyes from those of Miss Bluebeard as they dawdle along the way, seemingly lost in love's sweet dream.

On several occasions I have

watched the wedding ceremonies of the scorpion, and always the sly male succeeds in leading his seemingly coy bride to his dwelling place in some small cranny among the rocks. Then he cautiously, but with firmness, escorts her into the bridal chamber. But, the next morning, on investigation, I always found only one of the pair present; and she was considerably larger, having roundly feasted on her wooer.

In some instances love in the wild is a rugged game—it really gets rough. All the horned and antlered Sir Lancelots are wicked fighters during the rutting season. Likewise, so are the members of the cat tribe.

Members of the weasel family, such as the mink, ferret and weasel, are savage and vicious murderers during the mating season. Almost crazed with passion, the male goes prowling for females. When two males encounter each other, they lunge at the throat or jaw of the other, their bodies whirling and straining in combat. The first one to lose the death-grip dies almost instantly in a flood of blood.

The amorous antics of the humpback whale are by far the noisiest love affair in creation. As a gentle prelude to the act of mating, the bull "booming" whale, some 70 feet in length, gives himself violent slaps with his huge pectoral fins.

Then, swimming side by side, the two giant lovers will interchange affectionate pats with their long fir that resemble distant cannonadin'

william henry chamberlin reviews

the income tax: root of all evil

by frank chodorov

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THE great Russian historian, V. O. Kluchevsky, who possessed the gift of eloquent expression, summed up the plight of the Russian people under the Moscovite Tsars in this striking phrase: "The state swelled; the people shrank." This is a familiar working of cause and effect under a powerful, centralized state, proved by the experience of the French people in the time of Louis XIV, of the Germans under Hitler, of the subjects of the later Roman Emperors.

Frank Chodorov, who possesses a rare capacity for considering financial and economic problems in the light of permanent moral and philosophical values, sees the United States threatened by this same danger of an octopus state sucking out the vitality and lifeblood of its sub-

jects. Chief instrument for this suction is the Federal graduated income tax, which, to Mr. Chodorov, is the root of all evil.

In a short treatise that can easily be read in an evening, the author makes a powerful case for the proposition that the Sixteenth Amendment to the Constitution, ratified in 1913, struck a powerful blow at the principles of individual opportunity, states' rights and a federal government of limited and defined powers

which are written into the American Constitution. Mr. Chodorov is an absolutist in his convictions. No ten per cent reduction in income tax levies for him. He calls for the repeal of the Sixteenth Amendment, believing that nothing less drastic will undo the evil consequences of having



given the government an unlimited lien on the personal earnings of every American citizen.

❖ There is little, if any, prospect that such a step is politically possible. Mr. Chodorov himself recognizes that powerful vested interests in the continuation of the income tax have been built up. But his arguments are so cogent, and so well grounded in political and economic science and in knowledge of human nature, that his little book deserves the widest possible circulation and careful consideration.

❖ As the author says, the passing of the Sixteenth Amendment, a tax reform in name, was in fact a revolution. It corroded the American concept of natural rights, reduced the American citizen to the status of a subject, enhanced executive power to the point of reducing Congress almost to helplessness and enabled the central government to bribe the states, once independent units, into subservience.

THE author's distrust of the state recalls the thinking of that stimulating and original American publicist, Albert J. ("Our Enemy: The State") Nock. In Chodorov's opinion, the politician has an incurable hankering after more power and more booty, and the graduated income tax, which brings in every year more revenue than the Federal Government collected in a decade before the First World War, is a made-to-order device for bribing

selected groups of voters with vast sums extracted from taxpayers.

❖ The book is full of ringing indictments of the income tax. One of the best-written of these, for example, reads:

"The corruption of freedom is in proportion to the moral deterioration of the people. For a people who have lost their sense of self-respect have no need for freedom. And the income tax, by transferring the property of earners to the State, has disintegrated the moral fibre of Americans to such a degree that they do not even recognize the fact.

❖ "Due to the revenues from income taxation, the government is now the largest employer in the country, the largest financier, the largest buyer of goods and services; and, of course, the largest eleemosynary institution. Millions of people are dependent upon it for a livelihood."

❖ Mr. Chodorov is convinced that the introduction of the graduated Federal income tax, with its inevitable tendency to take more and more money from more and more people, was a decisive step away from Americanism in the direction of statism and socialism. As he sees it, the New Deal, or something like it, was planted when the Sixteenth Amendment (with no safeguarding limitations or restrictions on the power to tax, which, as has been well said, is the power to destroy) was adopted. The immunities of property, body and mind have been

undermined by the Sixteenth Amendment, and the freedoms won by Americans in 1776 were lost in the revolution of 1913.

The author has no use for the tribe of planners who were so influential during the New and Fair Deals. He deals with them with delicious irony in the following paragraphs:

"There have always been and perhaps always will be people who are averse to letting other people alone. Recognizing the human inclination to err, they are impelled by their kindness of heart to overcome this imperfection; invariably they come up with a sure-proof plan that needs only political power to become effective . . .

↪ "The income tax is the ideal instrument for the planner. It not only enables him to exercise his imagination to the last dollar that can be taken from the producers — for their own improvement, of course — but it also weakens the will to resist the plan. The less property the individual has at his disposal, the less room there is for the exercise of his will."

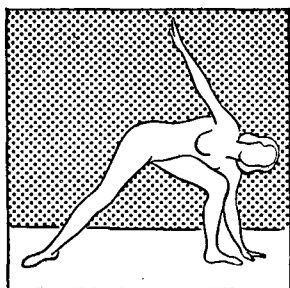
↪ As a result of income taxation, the author maintains, we now have a government with far more power than George III ever exercised. For the citizen is sovereign only when he can retain and enjoy the fruits of his labor. "When the right of property is abrogated, all the other rights of the individual are undermined, and

to speak of the sovereign citizen who has no absolute right of property is to talk nonsense." Mr. Chodorov is not impressed by demagogic appeals to "human rights against property rights." For property is closely identified with liberty and other human rights and when the right of property is set aside other human rights soon follow.

The ray of hope which the author sees in a gloomy situation is a grass-roots movement, starting in the states and calling for the repeal of the Sixteenth Amendment and the restoration to the states of their proper political autonomy.

Probably outright repeal of the Sixteenth Amendment, which has certainly done much harm by discouraging thrift and individual initiative, undermining self-reliance, drying up sources of risk capital and pillaging the thrifty for the benefit of the thriftless, is outside the range of what is sometimes called "practical politics." But if the graduated income tax cannot be repealed, it may be reformed by some such device as statutory limitation on the rates and by increased reliance on indirect taxes. Mr. Chodorov's little book has broken a good lance in a worthy cause. And as the individual calculates his annual tribute he could well remember Kluchevsky's comment, which has become a prophetic warning:

"The state swelled and the people shrank."



Breathe Easier

BY W. P. KNOWLES

THE NEXT TIME you have something heavy to lift — whether it be a large pot of soup, a typewriter, or a suitcase — try lifting it first without any change in your breathing. Then take a full, deep breath and hold the breath while you lift. Much of the weight oddly disappears. Where it goes nobody knows, but the effect is like picking up a box expecting it to be full, only to find that it is empty.

This lightness given to an object by the mere change in the way we breathe illustrates the mysterious aid that comes from a conscious and calculated use of breathing. Those who have played the game of levitation (and who hasn't?) have enjoyed the same sensation: that of finding that a person or a table can be hoisted by the mere finger action of a group if all present breathe deeply and simultaneously as they lift.

By some attention to breath control, if at first it be only as a stunt or as a parlor game, we get a glimpse of how much of an ally proper breathing can be in the daily grind.

Merely because breathing is unconscious and automatic, we assume that we do it properly and can leave it to nature. No assumption could be more subtly removed from the facts.

Normally we do breathe without apparent effort — 16 times a minute, 960 times an hour, 23,040 times a day. But circumstances change the way we breathe. A sudden shock, a flash of panic, or a finger touched to a hot stove — any of these will change the rhythm of our breathing sharply, make us gasp or for an instant stop breathing altogether.

By the same token, thoughtful management of breath, a suitable engineering and husbanding of it, can stand us in practical daily aid, tone us up and contribute visibly to our health and vitality.

The truth of this I learned from experience. Years ago a doctor told me I had been starving my lungs. "You need more oxygen," he said. "Your posture prevents your breathing properly. I will show you how to correct this."

The prospect bored me, for who

has not suffered all his life from the endeavors of well-meaning people who seek to correct his posture?

But I discovered that the effect of good posture could be achieved without painful contortions. The average person goes around with his shoulder blades nine inches apart. By drawing the blades together until they are only two inches apart, he accomplishes the incidental result of squaring his shoulders enough to suit anyone but a top sergeant. And he accomplishes far more: he takes the weight of the chest off the lungs. When the shoulder blades are wide apart he uses his breathing to lift the weight of his chest and to push out his ribs. With the shoulder blades drawn together, he relieves his lungs of their unnecessary freight and leaves them free and unencumbered for their essential function, which is to send oxygen to the blood.

Later, in World War I, this experience came to my rescue in an unusual way. Severely wounded, gassed, my right hand shot off, and without my speech as a result of shock, I found myself a hopeless case in the hospital. But somehow I realized that even on a hospital cot, it was possible for me to press my shoulder blades together and ease the pressure on my lungs, a matter of vital importance then. After months of slow, self-conscious recovery, I was finally released, although I still weighed only 82 pounds.

Recently I had a complete medi-

cal examination, at 61, after which the doctor grinned, "If everybody were in as good health as you, we doctors would be out of work."

THE BENEFITS of the intelligent use of breath can be confirmed by anybody anywhere. There is no need for case studies or statistics or appeal to authority. Once a person grasps the idea of correct breathing, he is free to find his own confirmation and use the rewards in a dozen different ways.

Lifting something heavy is only one dramatic instance among many. Even in a day of escalators and elevators, there are still stairs to climb — usually by puffing and blowing and panting and some recovery at the top. But try this: as you climb the first two steps, keeping the shoulder blades in position, breathe in. On the next two, breathe out. With a rhythm of two in and two out, two in and two out, you can glide up flights of stairs and arrive at the top without gasping for breath or panting like a collie just back from chasing an imaginary rabbit.

What happens is this: when we climb, we create a surplus of carbon dioxide and we make no provision for the intake of extra oxygen. The nervous system does not respond automatically to the added requirements, and if we leave the problem to our nerves, we lose control temporarily of our breathing. By quickening the breath rhythmically as

we climb, we expel a greater amount of carbon dioxide and take in a greater supply of oxygen.

The principle can be illustrated and confirmed further if we shorten our rhythm when we walk up a hill or long slope. In this case, breathe in while you take three paces and breathe out as you take the next three — three in, three out, keeping the shoulder blades in position. A hill that leaves you clutching for your breath if you do not change your rhythm can be easily accomplished by this simple change in breathing tempo.

Or if you prefer to climb hills and stairs without the right alteration in your breathing and arrive at the top out of breath, as the saying goes, there is a simple way to get your breath back. Breathe a little faster. Go ahead and pant like a dog. Keep this up for, say, half a minute, then take a couple of full easy breaths. Again pant for 30 seconds and finish with a few full breaths. By now you will have quieted your breathing to normal.

When a runner gets what we call his second wind it means that, at a certain point, he has unconsciously assessed his increased needs and countered the quicker accumulation of carbon dioxide by a deeper and more reliable intake of oxygen.

IN THE HEAT of summer there is another breathing device that will bring confirmation and relief at the same time. Suppose it is a

warm day and you are busy and flushed in the kitchen, trying to get a meal ready against time, or you are in the garden trying to get a bed weeded before the weeds grow back again. You are literally hot and bothered. Place the back teeth together — don't grind them — and hiss out the breath through the teeth. Breathe in through the nose and out again through the closed teeth. No matter how hot you may have been, you will cool off after a dozen breaths. Oddly, the cooling sensation spreads all through the body as if it came from a breeze.

By the same token and by somewhat the same practice, directed breathing can offset thirst. When you are thirsty on a walk or hike (and most of us perversely get thirsty when we get away from water), place your upper teeth out beyond the lower teeth, draw in a full breath through the teeth but exhale through the open mouth. Repeat this a few times and you'll forget your thirst.

To support the value of this advice, General Lumsden, whose tank corps under Montgomery played such an active part in the desert battle of El Alamein, wrote me: "The tip about thirst greatly helped me and my men. Without constant resort to the rhythmical breathing you taught me, I could not have withstood the stresses and strains during the fighting half so successfully. It revives one physically in an amazing way."

One of the most alluring arguments for the proper control of breathing is that it practically does away with the need for exercise. The main reason for exercise is that it makes us change our rhythm of breathing and thereby get more oxygen into our lungs to pass along to the blood. If we will breathe shrewdly, exercise becomes incidental.

I proved this with some satisfaction during the late war when I was asked to suggest a series of exercises for early morning use by the Royal Air Force. Hangars were cold; the mess hall was cold; fuel was short. *The best thing was to warm up the men.* I countered with the suggestion that breathing would do the trick, and I prescribed the following routine: the men were to inhale and exhale through the nostrils, at first rapidly, then they were to lengthen the breath and to continue to alternate. First, quick short breathing for 30 seconds, then slow and full breathing for 30 seconds. In a few minutes the body glows with warmth.

WITH the sad majority of us there is really no call for great physical exertion these days. What we need is a sense of breathing that can help us at our desks or stoves or machines. Here again breathing can be put to the test.

Tenseness and even depression may be overcome by the following exercise: place the shoulder blades as nearly together as you can without strain, then breathe out gently and

fully. Pause, then inhale with a full, slow, gentle breath until you feel that the lungs are comfortably full. Breathe out slowly through the nose with a long sigh and without altering the position of the shoulder blades. Do this a dozen times and your depression should disappear like the morning mist. Why? Because you have stimulated and inspired your brain and eased the nerve tension with a fuller supply of life-giving oxygen.

In what is commonly known as "stage fright," a person often seems to suffer from a mild form of suffocation. Actors learn the benefits of deliberate breath control. Any of us can profit from the actor's practice of stopping in the wings and fortifying himself with several full breaths before entering a scene.

In the strained circumstances of modern life, automatic breathing is not sufficient for our needs. Sedentary or monotonous work habits call for new and consciously controlled rhythms. Breath control adequate to meet the demands of modern life can be achieved only by study and practice — sustained and disciplined exercises carried on until better breathing becomes a habit.

At least it will pay us to test daily some of the suggestions I have offered here. This test will keep us sensitive to the problem, hospitable to further learning. And it will demonstrate in the clinic of experience the constructive use we can make of a power we now overlook.

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WHAT HAPPENED TO THE \$30,000

Just before the turn of the century, there developed in Washington a mystery concerning a Librarian of Congress and \$30,000 in copyright fees which he seemed to have mislaid.

Ainsworth Rand Spofford was a man of such unquestioned integrity that no one ever intimated that he might have spent it, although it was generally admitted that he was an extremely absent-minded man. He could not remember what he had done with it and no one else had handled it.

• Mr. Spofford was appointed Librarian of Congress in 1861, just 61 years after Congress had made the first small appropriation of \$5,000 "for a collection of books."

By 1895, the books had increased to 700,000, housed in the original cramped Library, now almost impossible to use properly, and administered by a staff that was obviously inadequate. In addition, a new copyright law required a fee for each

By Blanche McKeown

copyrighted book, and this fee went to the Librarian of Congress, along with copies of the books. The man in charge of all this did not have a permanent secretary and was in the habit of opening his own mail and doing other clerical duties.

From time to time a check or money order would be unaccounted for, but it was not until 1895 that the situation came to official notice. In June of that year, President Cleveland notified the Librarian that an official Treasury check would be made on his finances. The Treasury reported in July, calling attention to a shortage of a little over \$30,000.

Mr. Spofford was bewildered. He did not know where the money had gone. The Treasury was bewildered too, but it was sure Mr. Spofford had not misappropriated it. And so,

when the man offered to make it good from his personal funds, the amount was accepted and the matter was dropped.

In 1897, the Library staff began plans for the move to the present building across the Plaza. This move would require a good bit of planning, and so the head librarian, feeling his age after 36 years of service, asked to be relieved of his duties before the move. A much younger man, a close friend of the retiring Librarian, was appointed with the explicit understanding that Mr. Spofford would be retained as assistant.

WHEN the move actually began, his desk was taken out, dusted, and cleared of the debris of years. Some 200 letters, opened and unopened, came to light containing money orders and checks to the amount of \$51.73. This was the first clue to the two-year-old mystery of the missing \$30,000! The superintendent, a man of ingenuity, devised a practical plan for dusting each book. He attached a length of hose to the pneumatic tube system then in use for delivery of books; and to the other end of the hose he clamped a nozzle, making a crude facsimile of the modern vacuum cleaner. Then the workmen went to work with specific instructions to save every scrap of paper. Within a few days, the full amount was recovered.

The nation as a whole was not exactly relieved, for the nation had never known of the shortage. But

those who knew Mr. Spofford had a feeling of deep gladness over the outcome. Congress reimbursed him the amount he had paid, and the New York *Tribune* for December 11, 1897, had this to say:

In the process of establishing the Congressional Library in its new quarters, a considerable sum of cash and checks and an astonishing accumulation of unpaid postal orders have been brought to light which Mr. Spofford had forgotten all about. . . . He was not adapted by nature to the tasks which he was required to perform, and the confusion which resulted was no more than reasonable to expect. It is a great satisfaction to be assured by the First Assistant Postmaster-General that the singular disclosures of the last few days conclusively prove the honesty of Ainsworth Rand Spofford, and it will be the universal hope that he may long be spared to discharge the less laborious and more congenial duties of his present place in the great library with which he is identified.

Mr. Spofford was spared, and served with scholarly distinction, until well into this century.

The copyright fees now go to the Copyright Office. The staff of the Library of Congress is adequate. And the Librarian is a businessman capable of handling the big business it has become. Nevertheless, it is refreshing to recall a simpler, more trusting age, when a man whose whole life had been upright was considered innocent until positively proved guilty.

ANTI-ANTI- COMMUNISM

By Robert E. Vahey

FEW THINGS are harder to explain than the denunciations of anti-Communism by persons who have long been highly thought of for their devotion to democratic ideals. One would have supposed that the innumerable Communist outrages would have impelled all decent men to a vigorous stand against this foul conspiracy. Yet it appears that not a few influential Americans, at least in their private hearts, hold Senator McCarthy more odious than they do the quising Alger Hiss.

Moreover, it seems that to these people the repudiation of Communism by Elizabeth Bentley, Louis Budenz, and Whittaker Chambers is somehow more shameful than their embracing this doctrine. There is something mysterious about this viewpoint and the violence of the outcry of those who hold it. "The lady protests too much, methinks."

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt returned from Europe a few months ago with the warning that Europeans think the tactics of McCarthy "symbolic of Hitler and Stalin." The former First Lady's concern about this Senator who was impressively re-elected by the free people of Wisconsin is not easy to understand. Mrs. Roosevelt found the dictator Tito good for Yugoslavia. He proved the most interesting personality she met on her trip. He was "youthful" and "whimsical."

Out of charity, we shall attribute Mrs. Roosevelt's levity here to thoughtlessness. She could not have had in mind the parents and widows and children of the unoffending American airmen whose cold-blooded murder in the skies over Yugoslavia this tyrant ordered in 1946.

Clement Attlee is another one whom Senator McCarthy deeply

distresses. Yet this British politician is all for comforting the aggressor and tyrant Mao who is responsible for the slaughter of thousands of American youths.

"If by some misfortune you were to quote with approval some remark by Jefferson, you would probably find yourself behind bars." This statement purports to be a description of the American scene today. No, it is not from *Pravda*, *Izvestia*, or the *Daily Worker*. It was made by the renowned British thinker, Bertrand Russell. And irresponsible utterance, they tell us daily, is one of the chief offenses of the Senator from Wisconsin!

If my memory serves me right, it was on the occasion of his seventy-ninth birthday that this British philosopher recommended jettisoning Christian morality. It would hardly be reasonable, therefore, to expect this sage to be moved by the martyrdom of people like Cardinal Mindszenty, Archbishop Beran, Bishop Ford, Chaplin Kapuan, and the myriads of other Christians whom the Reds are persecuting. After all, they are not "liberals."

DR. EDWARD U. CONDON, president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, declared in Boston a couple of months ago that the interest some of our young people showed in Communism during the 'thirties was "a sign of a good, inquiring mind." Really, now, Dr. Condon, how far

did a young person endowed with "a good, inquiring mind" have to probe before he discovered that one of the more elementary features of Communism is its advocacy of deceit, perfidy, subversion, and violence as means for overturning democratic institutions? A surprising number of simpletons learned much of this ideology without even going out of their way to inquire.

Dr. Henry Steele Commager of Columbia University recommended last November in an article in the *New York Times* that intellectuals be permitted to join subversive organizations without being held accountable for such acts. This view apparently enjoys the approval of Dr. Albert Einstein. It is hard to see how even an intellectual could belong to a subversive organization without actually abetting the subversion of this republic. If such a thing were permitted, however, I, for example, a person of ordinary intellect, would still be liable for service in a place like Korea to risk having my head blown off defending, among other things, the right of intellectuals to help deliver our country over to the enemy! Now, Dr. Commager and Dr. Einstein are not idiots, but I would certainly be one if I agreed with them.

Consider this statement of Stewart Alsop in regard to Attorney General Brownell's charges in the Harry Dexter White case: "Most Europeans, including those friendly to the U.S., are about ready to con-

clude that Americans have gone crazy. One sometimes wonders if they are not partly right." Crazy? Merely for not sharing Alsop's view of this matter? It is a paradox that "liberals" are commonly contemptuous of the opinions of those who disagree with them. Is this the best way to encourage that freedom of expression which they never weary of telling us is a cardinal article of their faith and about which they profess to be so anxious?

TAKE their use of the term "McCarthyism" to express the deepest opprobrium. When ordinary Americans hear this Senator referred to day in and day out so disdainfully, they find it very hard not to suppose him vicious. When he recommends, then, that all American aid be cut off from any of our "allies" who trade with Red China so long as just one of the American boys whom the Reds have failed to return in violation of the Korean truce remains in a Communist dungeon, the people are puzzled. This doesn't sound so evil to them. They understand that the fate of these men might have befallen themselves or their sons or their husbands. There is even a temptation to sympathize with the dear ones here in the States of these very unfortunate men who have been deserted so shamelessly. But then they remember all the warnings about "McCarthyism," and presently they grow ashamed of these feelings.

And so it runs. McCarthy reminds Arthur Eisenhower of Hitler. Could Vishinsky have laid it on any thicker? Walter Reuther believes that this Senator has done more to advance Communism in the United States than anyone else. No doubt this accounts for the ill feeling toward this lawmaker of the twenty-one American deserters in Korea.

These people must be perturbed by the recent Gallup poll on how Americans feel about McCarthy. Eighty per cent of the American people have an opinion about this Senator, and the opinions are favorable in the ratio of five to three. He ranks seventh among the ten persons Americans most admire. Now, if McCarthy were really the menace to this land that they are so assiduously making him out to be and, yet, an overwhelming majority of Americans think well of him, the inference is quite clear. The "liberals" must be despairing of the good sense and righteousness of the people, the very foundations of our democratic way of life. And to my mind, this attitude constitutes a menace to our freedom.

In support of this interpretation of the "liberal" stand there is this statement made about a year ago by Dean Acheson in an address to the Foreign Service Association: "Make no mistake, there is a real battle with Congress. There is a great lag in the education and information between you who know the outside world and the great

mass of the American people and their elected representatives." Would one be "crazy" if one expressed the suspicion that this sounds somewhat like a repudiation of the principle of representative government?

Nor can it be alleged that the people's feeling about McCarthy is largely the result of propaganda; most of the propaganda has been the other way. Can it be non-conformists who favor him? Furthermore, the people appear capable of differentiating in their thought to an extent that should edify some of our pundits. They prove that it is possible to think well of a public officer for his service in a certain, special capacity without particularly desiring him as a candidate for the Presidency. Moreover, thinking like this is easy for persons not committed to some party line.

THIS sensitivity to "tactics" is a new phenomenon. How is it that the "liberals" would have only saints crusade against Communism? This is one form of piety that is not commendable. No one pretends that McCarthy is anything more than a politician.

The fact that McCarthy derives his greatest support from manual laborers is stimulating. Of course, their thinking has not had the advantage of being complicated by "liberal" logic. But of this we may feel sure: in matters relating to American freedom these people will judge gravely. They know from

tragic experience that whenever the occasion arises, it is always their blood in the main that has to be spilled for the preservation of our precious American heritage.

Is there any accounting, then, for all this nonsense from the intellectuals? Perhaps part of the explanation lies in the simple truth that men do not like to recognize that they have been wrong.

America's World War II alliance with the Soviet Union more or less duped most of her people, for it tended to obscure the nefarious character of Communism. But should this excuse the poor judgment of the "eggheads" whose very profession is discernment and who get paid for their insight?

Many, many American writers, commentators, and college professors were taken in ridiculously by the Reds before and during World War II. They considered Marxism progressive and even millennial, and even now only grudgingly concede the diabolical nature of the Red record. They are embarrassed to have it pointed out to them that the setup they had lauded as utopian may not improbably prove the wickedest brand of tyranny ever known. Quite understandably, therefore, these pathetic dupes, most of whom are still being paid for their sagacity, do not want it brought up continually that they were monstrously mistaken. Hence, their annoyance at McCarthy, McCarran, Jenner, Velde, and the rest.



GLIMPSES OF OUR

Armed Forces



BY MILDRED D. SHELLEY



JOE was a non-com. He stole U.S. Government property and sold it in the black market overseas. He cleared \$20,000 and sent most of it home. But I first heard of Joe when our local Red Cross Chapter received this telegram:

Pvt. Joseph — requests you advance \$100 to mother living — St. Money needed for emergency medical expenses. Reimbursement guaranteed. Forward duplicate receipts this office. Reply by wire, giving doctor's diagnosis and prognosis. Home Service, National ARC, Washington, D. C.

I climbed Joe's front porch steps at ten o'clock that Sunday morning, in weather cold enough to make anybody want to be invited in. I wasn't. Arrangements with a member of the family to stop in our Chapter office next morning for the \$100

were made on the porch. I was not permitted to see Joe's mother but this didn't seem strange — probably she was too ill. But the reluctance with which her doctor's name was finally given me did seem unaccountable. No wonder, because his opinion turned out to be that she wasn't really ill at all.

A Red Cross gal on the home front usually isn't too surprised to find a serviceman's family situation different from what she expected to find. Given three guesses about this one, I'd have said Joe was working on a build-up for an emergency leave to the States. How mistaken I'd have been! Three months later I learned that Joe had been caught red-handed. He was court-martialed, dishonorably discharged and sentenced to five years in Federal prison.

Joe was the exception, not



the rule, of course. Most Red Cross communications services for members of the armed forces and their families cover real emergencies, not fakes.

Bill was as far from being a fake as the United States Marine Corps itself. He was stationed in California, about to take off for the South Pacific. He wanted desperately to come home first, but the Marine Corps wasn't granting many pre-embarkation leaves those days. Bill was taking it on the chin as the Marines have a reputation for doing — even the youngest ones.

His mother was trying to take it on the chin, too, though she said he'd never had a leave. But she was in an advanced stage of tuberculosis and frailer than a China doll. "Could you help to get him home on emergency leave?" she asked. We'd try. I telegraphed a medical statement to the Red Cross field director at Camp Pendleton, who relayed it to Bill's commanding officer. Presently Bill was on a homeward-bound plane, transportation arranged and financed as a loan by the field director. "Great guy, that field director," he told me. "I got home in seventeen hours. If they hadn't let me come now, I couldn't have possibly come for two years. Mother won't live that long, you know."

I can still visualize the lanky youngster standing before my desk, hands clutching behind him something I'm not supposed to see. Not until he finds courage and words

enough. It turns out to be a gift — a book, *Design for Power, the Struggle for the World*.

JIM embarked for foreign service, heavy-hearted about his wife — very much in love with her, but not understanding her short-sighted views of life. "All she seems to want of me is money, money, the least important thing in this world, I find." He looked so neat and trim and fine in his uniform. But, oh, so forlorn! "Maybe she'll feel differently about me when I'm five or six thousand miles away from here. I hope so."

"I hope so, too," I said, trying to be reassuring. "Sometimes we just don't know how much we love someone 'til we're separated a while."

But she proved a Jezebel for sure. Not only was she unfaithful to Jim, but she neglected their baby shamefully. Word of it reached him just in time. Or *would* you say just in time? A mere matter of days before he undertook his last earthly mission he saw his legal officer about changing his National Service Life Insurance from his wife to his baby daughter. His ship went down in as remote a spot as you could find on your world globe — out there "where geography is our greatest enemy," as the Navy describes it.

Might it have been better if a relative hadn't written him his wife was living with another man; if he'd died believing she loved him — even a little? Knowing Jim so briefly, I

don't venture to decide. He wrote to a relative just before his last mission that he'd never believed such a thing as his wife's walking out on him could actually happen to him. A postscript added, "Please take good care of my baby; she's all I have."

His baby is growing up fast, in a relative's home, the kind which centers around the children in it. Their pictures, toys, dolls and books fill tables, shelves and bookcases. And she brings home mostly "A's" on her school report cards. It's not her mother's home, though. Her mother seldom comes to see her.

THERE was Angelo, whom I also knew but briefly, between 7:30 and 11 o'clock one morning. He survived the Bataan Death March in which he walked six and a half days. He snatched at sugar cane along the roadside and drank a little from dirty pools. He arrived at his destination with a fever of 106 degrees. Before the Japs got through with him he had malaria, beriberi, Dengue fever and a broken foot they never set.

During the three years he was a POW, he had had one food package from his family, but most of the food the rats got ahead of him. Once in a very long while he had received a Red Cross food parcel from which the Japs first removed the cigarettes and chocolates.

By fall of 1945, Angelo was a patient in a Stateside military hospital and American doctors were trying

to make him over. The Red Cross field director in the hospital asked us to make arrangements for him to see his wife, also a hospital patient, in our town. He was passing through on a ten-day furlough and could stop off to see her before traveling on to another city to see his parents and children.

I met him at the railroad station on the 7:30 A.M. train and drove him to the best hotel in town to buy his breakfast. He wouldn't go in the place without a shave. So I bought him a shave. I like to think he enjoyed that breakfast. In any event it dissipated his shyness and made him loquacious. He talked of as many things as there was time for on our drive to his wife's hospital. Of course he asked about his wife. I tried to steer clear of the subject. But, oh Lord, he kept asking and asking. He wanted to take her a few little gifts, mostly food, and I drove him to a grocery store. Coming out of the store he seemed to notice my car for the first time. "My God," he exclaimed, "to think I'd ever ride around in a car again."

I picked him up at his wife's hospital to make connections with the 11 o'clock train and send him on his way. He was quiet, uncommunicative. Without a doubt her doctor and charge nurse had been as kind as possible preparing him for the shock of seeing her. But the gentlest preparation could not possibly have helped much. She was a cataleptic. "She just lies and stares, talks to

no one, recognizes no one," they'd told me.

SOME of these men of our Armed Forces and their families project themselves on my screen of memory only once in a while. Usually it happens when I file our many new records among our Chapter's files of 5,000 or so old ones. Not so, George Davis. He's the cheery, smiling guard at a bank I pass every work-day morning. He retired from the police force three years ago and his entire neighborhood gave him a party. The youngsters collected money and presented him with an engraved cigarette lighter, and filled a plastic bag with the remaining pennies and nickels. George is that kind of a man.

One of his sons was in the Navy in World War II. Another, Ronald, is now in the Army. The day before he was to report to Officer Training School, he was shot in the abdomen during training maneuvers. About 11 o'clock at night I received a telegram that the military authorities had wired the parents advising them

to come to the Army hospital because Ronald's condition was critical. Also, would our Chapter inform the family that accommodations for two family members were available by arrangement of Red Cross?

I phoned the home and found that no wire from the military authorities had yet come. My news was a blow, especially because a letter from Ronald had arrived that day, chock full of news about his going to OTS. Before midnight, George, his wife and other son were packed and headed for the Army hospital. They drove 875 miles non-stop except for gas and oil. George believes they arrived in the nick of time, the next afternoon when things looked blackest and Ronald wanted most to see them.

Ronald recovered. George will never recover, though — from the way the overwhelming thanks well up inside him every time he talks about those Army doctors. He'll try to tell you how wonderful they were, but he just cannot find enough words. So he'll sum it up, "They're really somethin'."

» In nothing do men more nearly approach the gods than in doing good to their fellow men.
— Cicero



The Conquest of the Palisades

BY JOHN McGIFFERT

MOUNTAIN climbers are the rage — in books, on television, and in the movies — and I do not propose to be left out.

Naturally, I have seen both "The Conquest of Everest" and "Annapurna," and I gladly acknowledge them to be a pair of thrilling experiences; but it should be known that Sir Edmund Hillary and Monsieur Maurice Herzog have a hitherto unpublicized challenger for high altitude honors.

I recently supervised a film on mountaineering which succeeded in the one sphere where the photographers of the two great Himalayas failed; in their finding it impossible for their cameramen to get a pictorial record of the last, victorious leg of the exploit — the arrival at the summit. *My* motion picture of mountaineering, whatever else it may lack, actually registers the climax.

In its finally edited form it does *not* show what we found *after* we gained the pinnacle, however. In destroying this footage, I destroyed

the evidence of a philosophy so contrary to the aspiring vigor of the true mountaineer that it might have shaken the convictions of climbers the world over. Call it a shameful revision if you will; I did what I thought was best.

Not, of course, that anybody much has seen my production, or is likely to see it. The only print extant is in the keeping of a Manhattan scoutmaster, and there has been no public demand for what was, admittedly, a modest venture in filmmaking. My movie is not in color, it has no sound track, and it documents an ascent of only 300 feet (in contrast to the 29,141 feet of Mount Everest). In addition, the running time of the production is only two minutes and 47 seconds.

The genesis of my expedition was a phone call from the scoutmaster. "My name is Joe Driscoll," he said. "I understand you have a hobby of sometimes directing free-lance movies for people. Cheap."

I said that was right.

"Well," he said, "I'm teaching five of my Eagle Scouts how to climb mountains. The real thing, like in the Alps and Himalayas — with ropes and picks and all. I want to get a picture record of it."

"Well, I don't know," I said. "My cameramen and I don't go in for dangerous assignments, and anyway I have to work close to New York City. I can only work on Sundays."

"No problem," he said. "Where we climb is the Palisades, right above the George Washington Bridge. Steep cliffs, but not too risky even without a rope, like you'll have to do it, if you know the proper technique. I'll give you pointers."

WE MADE a deal, and early one Sunday morning not long afterwards, Joe Driscoll, his five Eagle Scouts, their mountain climbing paraphernalia, my cameraman, Mike Kingsley, and I headed for the base of the Palisades in Joe's station wagon. It was an uncomfortable ride. Joe proved to be large and talkative; his Scouts, who were all fifteen or sixteen years old, proved to be large and invincibly *untalkative*.

"The boys are all in terrific shape," Joe said. "No smoking, no rich foods, no late hours. Climbing is terrific conditioning for all other sports."

We crossed the George Washington Bridge, turned north on the Jersey side, and after two or three miles pulled off to the side of the

dirt road at the foot of a sheer precipice. The Scouts debouched in solemn silence, and Joe uncoiled a big hank of rope and began hitching his charges to it. While Mike loaded his Bell and Howell and checked the lenses, I started figuring out camera angles. I also started wondering how Mike and I would make out on the face of the cliff without being hitched to a rope. Joe's pointers had been fairly sketchy.

"Why the hell do they want to go up this thing?" Mike said in a whisper.

"Because it's there, of course," I said.

"That's no excuse for climbing a Palisade," Mike said.

Our misgivings and the preparations of Joe and his taciturn disciples were interrupted. Three ragged boys who might have been anywhere between eight and twelve years old came straggling around a bend in the road. They stopped jabbering when they saw they were not alone in the wilderness, and stood there smirking. One of them was carrying a battered straw suitcase.

"Hello, fellows," Joe said.

"Jeez, mister," said the smallest boy, who had black eyes and black hair that hadn't been cut for a long time. "Jeez, what the hell are you doing with all that junk?"

The five Scouts looked at their master, who had frozen into a statue, with one arm extended and an end of rope clutched in the fist.

"Watch your language, you fel-

lows," he said at last. "And run along."

"You gonna try to climb up there with all that junk on?"

The three newcomers conferred for a few minutes, punctuating their session with snickers, and occasional spurts of spit into the dust.

"Hey, fellows," said the boy with the suitcase, mocking Joe's inflection. "Don't slip and break your asparagus, or nothing. And watch your language, fellows."

As if by signal, the trio thumbed their noses at the face of the Palisades and disappeared into the underbrush.

THE climb was rugged for us all, challenging and scary. I defaulted on my directorial duties to concentrate on hugging the perpendicular side of the cliff, which Joe had told me was composed of "basaltic traprock of excellent geological formation." In my view, it was excellent only as it provided a clinging place for a hand, or a solid niche for a foot. Somehow, Mike managed to shoot a few feet of film every now and then. He spoke to me only once during our hundred-minute ordeal; I couldn't see him, but I heard his voice from somewhere above me: "You're going to have a tough job editing this stuff. There's not much sequence."

Joe, at the top end of the rope, inched up his sweating Eagles in a fashion that I assumed to be highly professional. Eventually Mike sus-

pended operations, fastened the camera to his belt, and made for the peak as quickly as possible. I had told him that above all I wanted him to be there first, so that he could be sure to capture the supreme moment of triumph, when Joe Driscoll's head first appeared over the ultimate jutting of basaltic traprock.

My own state of mind and body was superbly defined more than three hundred years ago, by Sir Walter Raleigh: "Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall." Consequently, by the time I heaved myself around the highest outcropping of shale, Mike had already recorded the supreme moments of triumph for all five Scouts, as well as for their leader. My assistant was now busily engaged in filming a vignette which made our conquest of the Palisades seem hollow indeed. (It was this footage which I later saw fit to destroy.)

The three little boys whose acquaintance we had made almost two hours earlier were sprawled out in profound repose in a smooth depression in the rocky plateau. Even in my breathless and still slightly dizzy condition, it was clear to me that they had been there for some time; their outdoor clubhouse high above the Hudson had the look of being lived in. The battered suitcase was empty, and its contents had been distributed. A half-eaten ham sandwich was on top of several other sandwiches still untouched, the black-haired half pint was in-

haling on a fresh cigarette, and his two cronies had put down their half-smoked butts to sort out the cards in their poker hands. They were using nickels for chips.

The Eagles and their chief, in varying stages of exhaustion, watched dumbly while Mike's camera buzzed.

"Hiya, Shorty," the tallest of the gamblers said to me. "You ain't gonna put these pictures on the television, are you? We got trouble enough sneaking away from our old ladies without they should find out."

"Don't worry about that, your worship," Mike said. "Anyway, I'm almost out of film."

With what looked like considerable effort, Joe Driscoll decided to speak.

"Where are you from?"

"The Bronx, pop. What's it to you?"

"This is a dangerous place to be without supervision," Joe said. "You shouldn't come here without your parents' permission."

"Ah-h, wise up," said the middle-sized urchin, who had just won the pot with three queens. "They wouldn't leave us come. Anyway, this ain't dangerous. We just come up the path over there. You guys are nuts."

The smallest boy stood up and walked over to one of the Scouts who was spread-eagled face down on the rock, like a hulking corpse.

"Hey, Fatso. What the hell's the matter with you? Ya bushed or something?"

Mike and I went into conclave with Joe.

"I'm dying of thirst," Mike said. "Any of you Scouts got a canteen?"

"Down in the station wagon," said the scoutmaster. "It's too much of a burden to carry non-essentials when you're mountaineering."

"Non-essentials," Mike said.

WE LOOKED hungrily at the sandwiches from the Bronx, and particularly at three still unopened bottles of pop. Smiling, Mike strolled over to the little chap who needed a haircut.

"How's about it, your lordship? You men seem to have had a pretty good lunch. Spare us a sandwich or two? And a couple bottles of soda?"

"Jeez," said the boy, "I thought Scouts was supposed to be prepared. If you'd of just walked up the path you could of brought a whole damned picnic. Yeah, I guess you can have some."

Joe and I, and even a couple of the Eagles, began to close in.

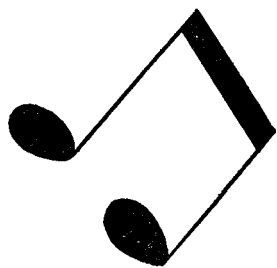
"Hey now, stupids," said the tall boy, "hold it — this ain't no hand-out. In this joint you gotta pay."

"How much?" said Mike grimly.

The mountaineering "haves" went into caucus to determine how much they should soak the "have nots." Finally came the announcement, from the lips of the junior member.

"A buck for a sandwich," he said, "fifty cents for drinks. Take it or leave it."

What price glory?



Sound On DISC

TO THE average music lover, the name of Domenico Cimarosa means little if anything. (Do not ask me who the average music lover is; I don't know.) It is altogether forgotten that this contemporary of Mozart was considered the master in his day. In point of fact, both Mozart and, later, Rossini owed much to Cimarosa, in method and aim. "Mozart took over all his conventions," Dent has written, "his breathless back-chat in recitative, his charming tunes, his patter songs for the comic bass, his chattering ensembles." He added his own profundities and musical complexities, but this does not detract from Cimarosa.

You can hear what I mean by listening first to, say Mozart's *Così fan Tutte* and then to Cimarosa's most famous work, *Il Matrimonio Segreto* which Vox has sumptuously issued in an excellently recorded and beautifully performed abridged version. *The Secret Marriage* comes out pretty well, for it is not the thin stuff which the musicologists tell you it is. Perhaps I stack the cards, because *Così* is hardly Mozart's greatest *opera buffa*. In this record-

The Recent Recordings

ing, by Elda Ribetti, Amilcare Blaffard, and the Orchestra da Camera Milano perform with *brio*. On the reverse side is a first recorded performance of *Il Maestro di Cappella*, Cimarosa's one-act satire on Scarlatti. (Vox PL 8450.)

It is a long ride from the clear textures of Cimarosa to the eclectic, shameless emotionalism of Puccini. He wrote in the form of the *comédie larmoyante* — the tearful comedy — but delighting in the unhappy ending and the audience impact of physical violence. *Turandot* was Puccini's last opera — he began work on it in 1920 — and it is, in a sense, a compendium of his genius and his flaws. Remington has recorded the complete opera on three long-players, in a sound and energetic performance by the chorus and orchestra of the Venice Opera Company, conducted by Franco Capuana. Record-



ing and surfaces are adequate — and at Remington's low list prices, it is a very good buy. (R-199-169/3.)

Charpentier means *Louise* to the opera-goer — but there is another, earlier Charpentier, Marc-Antoine, who lived in the seventeenth century and competed unsuccessfully for musical attention with Jean-Baptiste Lully. This Charpentier wrote about 500 compositions and, we are told, exerted a tremendous influence on French music in its transition from the Renaissance to the Baroque. This may be true, though I have no way of knowing except from reading what the historians say. I do know, however, that his mass and symphony, *Assumpta Est Maria*, is a work of transcendent beauty, somber intensity, and a rich musical patina. I know this because I have heard it in a shimmering recording by the Choir of Jeunesses Musicales de France and an orchestra directed by Louis Martini. If this is a fair example of Charpentier's music, then much more of it should be made available to us. For giving us this Mass, Vox deserves a vote of thanks. (PATHE-Vox PL 8440.)

TO CELEBRATE its thirtieth anniversary, MGM has issued an album of hits and bits taken off the sound tracks of its musical successes. There may be a slight quarrel at what has been included, and what excluded, from this sampler. But there will be no argument on this

point: As a whole, it is more than worth the tariff in top tunes, top performances, and top nostalgia. Judy Garland and Fred Astaire duet on *Easter Parade*. Betty Hutton, Howard Keel, & Co. punch out *No Business Like Show Business* and Gene Kelly insinuates that he's *Singin' in the Rain*. The sly *Baby, It's Cold Outside* is gently handled by Esther Williams and Ricardo Montalban; Lennie Hayton's orchestra runs through the Dick Rodgers ballet, *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue*; and the etceteras are all fine. (MGM E-3118.)

Another anniversary album, celebrating Nat "King" Cole's tenth recording anniversary, brings together eighteen tunes which were cut but never before issued. This is King Cole living up to the reputation which has given him his fame. Some are recorded with his trio, the rest with various orchestras. If you like Cole, you will go for this collection. (CAPITOL W-514.)

For the record, two couplings on MGM which are well recorded and well performed but which I find rather humdum fare. I make this point because it reveals what may be this reviewer's limitations and no fault of the composers. Certainly, there will be many who like Britten's *A Simple Symphony for String Orchestra* & Ireland's *Concertino Pastorale* (E-3074) and Prokofieff's *Four Portraits* & Kabalevsky's *Suite from Colas Breugnon* (E-3112). My tastes stray elsewhere. R. DE T.

BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

By ALAN SET

RED ARISTOCRACY

FORTY-FIVE million men, women and children — this is the price in human lives Russia has had to pay for its Communist Revolution. Killed in the Civil War, murdered or executed, starved to death in the two great famines or otherwise exterminated. They had to die, because their existence was considered incompatible with the “new order.” To these, one could add many more millions who lost their lives defending the “Fatherland of the Revolution” against German invasion. But the figure of forty-five million is impressive enough — representing the total population of New York, Chicago, and all the other major American cities — and certainly deserves deep reflection.

The forty-five million dead are

the price Russia has paid to replace a regime of flagrant social injustice with one which promised equality for all men. Let us see how this promise was kept.

In 1914, all of the power and a tremendous amount of Russia's wealth was concentrated in the hands of a tiny group of aristocrats and noblemen who, with a Tsar at the pinnacle, ran the country for their own benefit. This group represented only about two per cent of the population, and was secluded from the exploited masses of the Russian peasantry and the then negligible number of workers by a thin layer of well-to-do bourgeoisie and a notoriously corrupt bureaucracy. Poverty and hopelessness were the lot of nine-tenths of the Russians.

When the imported-from-abroad professional revolutionaries started to work in Russia in the fall of 1917, there was very little talk of Marxism, which not many could have understood; and none of collectivization or forced industrialization, which no one would have accepted. Instead, social justice and the equality of all men were the slogans which pushed the first armed bands of soldiers and sailors against the oppressors: the dukes and generals, landowners and rich merchants. The promise was that once these very few were physically suppressed, and their tremendous wealth equally divided among the have-nots, a new era of happiness and prosperity would begin for all. At that time Lenin praised the Paris Commune, stressing the point that it equalized workers' wages with the salaries of civil servants; his promise was that in Russia there would soon be no difference between the earnings of a bricklayer and a cabinet minister. Those were the days when peasant committees allotted among themselves shares of the murdered landlord's estate; when all army titles and distinctions were officially suppressed. This continued until the last aristocrat was run down, and until the new masters of Russia were secure in their positions. But soon the language began to change, while life was changing even more swiftly. Finally, in January, 1934, at the seventeenth congress of the Communist Party, Stalin, with Engels' writings in hand, "proved"

that too much equality simply does not make sense.

From then on equality became something of a deviation, unsafe to mention, except in the sense of destroying the class system in the capitalist countries. From then on, too, the new Soviet class system began to take definite shape, in broad lines similar to the old Tsarist one, yet showing a number of marked aggravations.

Since Stalin's death, all ambiguities have been abandoned, and the Soviet empire is today openly ruled by a small but tightly knit aristocratic order, which runs the immense territories for its own interests, and with a complete disregard for the needs of the general populace.

THE 300 THOUSAND AND THE 300 MILLION

According to leading authorities on Soviet affairs, there are today no more than 300 thousand persons who really count in the "Workers' Paradise," none of whom is a worker. Their ascendance has not been artificial. No dictatorship can ever last without keeping a number of men content, all their personal requirements and ambitions satisfied, and who are perfectly well aware that their very existence is bound with the existence of the regime they defend. Selected from among the most trustworthy in the early years by Stalin and his closest clique, and endowed with sufficient power to keep under

control the 300 million enslaved workers, peasants, and petty functionaries in the U.S.S.R. and Russia's European colonies, they have become an order in themselves. With the passing of time they developed a strong class spirit based on their determination to hold what they had acquired. And this is well worth holding, for it is probably more than any other individuals have at their disposal in the world.

• People often overlook the fact that there is a very restricted number of pleasurable things that money can buy. The best meal ceases to be tempting after one has had one's dinner, and it really makes only a slight difference whether one keeps 12 suits in one's wardrobe, or 20. Many an American millionaire prefers to live in hotels rather than maintain his own apartments. After a certain number of wants have been satisfied, what really seems to count is authority and influence.

If this is so, then the new Red dukes and baronets may well feel superior to all the Western Rockefellers and Beaverbrooks, because all their personal needs having been lavishly satisfied, and with no worries about the management of their financial affairs, they can indulge in their fascinating power of life and death over thousands of people who in fact are their slaves.

It would not be easy for a Ford to dismiss a single foreman from one of his factories without the consent of a union; yet Towarich Kubantchik,

manager of a precision instruments factory in Dzerzhinsk, has only to send a word to his friend Captain Khotcholev, head of the local secret police, and the same night 50 workers can be deported to some remote area in Siberia, from whence most of them will never return.

• Who are these mighty squires whose unique worry is the ever-present possibility of arousing the displeasure of even more powerful members of the same "sacred" order? Like Kubantchik, they are managers of great factories; like Borodin in Kozlov, they direct important cooperative organizations; like Habdulin in Alma-Ata, they are directors of large pedagogic institutions. Many are high-ranking officers of the Red Army or the secret police. Others are key functionaries of the Communist Party. Still others are editors, prominent writers, and artists, who help the new aristocratic superstructure by building an ideological motivation to justify their selfish rule. These, then, are the nobles, the baronets, whose strength derives mainly from their number and indispensability.

• But just as in any aristocratic state, similarly in Russia today the supreme power is in the hands of a relatively small group of dukes and high-priests and it is their names that we read almost daily in the press reports from Moscow. A Kubantchik, if he likes, can send to their death fifty workers from the precision instruments factory in

Dzerhinsk; but those in command at Moscow can with the same ease liquidate any number of Kubantchiks, with no questions asked. Not only can the men in the Kremlin do this, but moreover they can be certain that their action will meet with unanimous approval on the part of all those whom they spared, as everyone will know that the purge was for the sole benefit of the whole coterie.

U.S.S.R. — THE "CLASSLESS STATE"

Beria's case proved that life is dangerous in Russia even for those on the very top of the hierarchy. The Red aristocrats have too much to lose to tolerate even slight mistakes. Unpleasant as it may be individually, the feeling that everyone is under perpetual control gives to the class as a whole a sense of security and continuity, not to be found in any other Soviet social strata. Those who, thanks to their personally acquired position, have been once accepted as members of the ruling elite, know that it is they who are today's Russia, that it is for their benefit that hundreds of millions of men are toiling, that if they only keep together, the world will one day be theirs.

Besides this feeling of strength, life brings them enough different enjoyments to compensate for the risks they have to take. While the average pay of an unskilled worker in the U.S.S.R. is about 500 rubles a month, they earn anywhere from

4,000 to 8,000 rubles a month, and more. But it is not the monthly pay that counts. More important is that the state provides them with special stores where they can buy anything they wish at the lowest prices, including merchandise which is not available to the general public.

When sick, they have at their disposal special clinics, attended by the best doctors. The state provides them with luxuriously furnished villas, usually in some remote country place where they do not attract attention while reveling deep into the night. They have servants and bodyguards. They are driven by chauffeurs in large black ZIS limousines, with all the shades pulled down, and protected by police cars in the rear. Their children attend special schools, schools similar to those Hitler introduced to form his future "supermen."

The new Red aristocracy came into being as the instrument with the help of which Stalin intended to maintain his grip upon the remainder of the population. The aristocrats in their turn had to build up their own instrument of power, and this was done by the reconstruction of the old middle class in the form of a tremendously expanded bureaucratic apparatus of some 13 million men and women.

It has been pointed out that while an American power station at South Amboy, New Jersey, employs 17 office workers, a Soviet power station in Kemerovo, of exactly the

same characteristics, keeps in its offices 91 people. The same proportion can be found when comparing other American and Soviet factories, mines and industrial establishments. Usually the blame is put on Russian lack of organization. But there is something more to it. Just as Stalin, for his own salvation, had to separate himself from the enslaved masses by a strata of people ready to defend what they possess, so Stalin's elite has to take care of its own safety. The life of a small office employee in the U.S.S.R. would drive an American white collar worker to suicide, yet it is so much superior to the life of the average Soviet laborer that it is worth defending. And is there a better way of preserving a regime than by letting the people defend what they have?

IT is only beneath the Red elite and the artificially expanded bureaucracy that the real Soviet Russia lies, the powerless mass of men, women and children, workers, peasants and inmates of the forced labor camps; the true *homo Sovieticus*, taught not to think, not to discuss and not to expect, but only to do what is ordered.

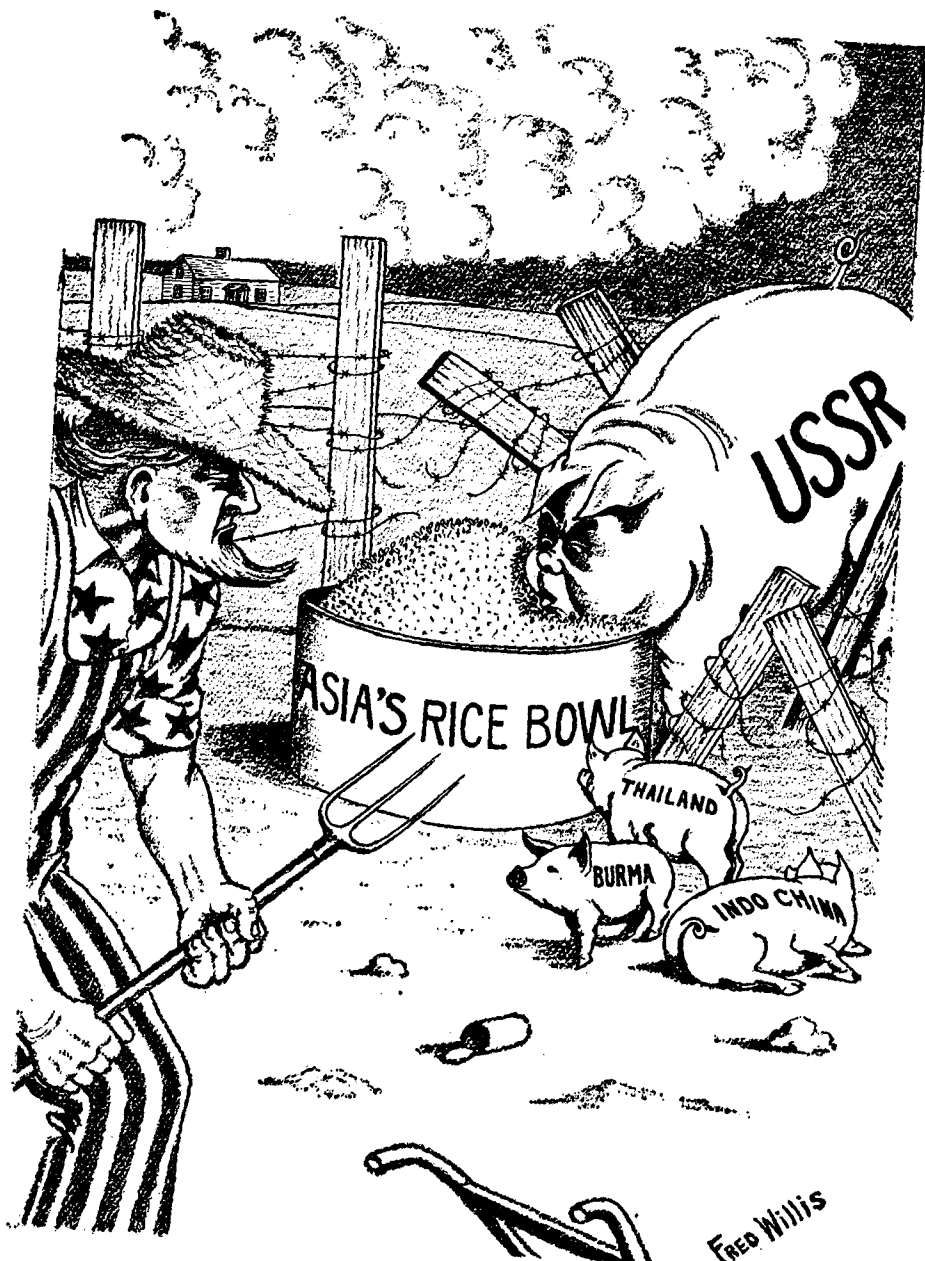
The abolition of all privileges and the formation of a classless state has been the supposed aim of the Communist revolution. There is no better way of demonstrating how this aim has been achieved than by looking at the present Red Army. As we have said, the first Communist

decrees were all for equality: the same pay for a private and a general; no special insignia, decorations or favors of any kind. Now how is it?

The average pay of a private in the U.S.S.R. is 30 rubles a month. A sergeant receives 150 rubles, a second lieutenant 700 rubles, a Red marshal about 4,000 rubles.

Apart from separate messes for officers and men, a lieutenant cannot eat at the same table with a major, nor a major at the same table with a general. Each of them receives different food, even as each receives different allowances. There are, of course, special stores where the officers, at very low prices, can buy goods prohibited to their men. According to their rank, officers have one or more orderlies. All the pre-revolutionary insignia has long ago been restored, and a general who fought in the last war has no room on his chest for all his decorations.

Without exaggerating, one can state that the figure of 30 rubles for the private and 4,000 rubles for the marshal gives the proper measure of the degree of equality achieved by the Communist revolution. On the top — 3 or 4 men in the Kremlin with 300,000 squires of the elite ready to die for the immense privileges they have, and supported by a meekly satisfied bureaucracy of some 13,000,000. At the bottom — 200,000,000 Russian slaves plus 100,000,000 European slaves. This is the "paradise" for which 45,000,000 people had to give their lives.



"Get out of there, big boy, and stay out!"

MEMORIAL DAY IN MEXICO



By Maurine Russell

ONCE each year in Mexico the living enthusiastically prepare for a visit from their dead. Like any gracious host, they begin extensive preparations days in advance. Bakeries, toy booths, candy shops, flower marts, and mask makers, all unite with pagan tradition and go all-out to make this a festive occasion. To the Mexican, there is nothing final about death. Don't their loved ones come back on the Day of the Dead or All Souls Day to spend a happy time with them? This belief helps them walk hand in hand with the Grim Reaper, merrymaking while they mourn. Even the bells that solemnly toll the day before for All Saints Day serve as a musical prelude.

In some provinces the festival lasts a week or longer. But one thing is certain: you cannot be in Mexico around November 2nd, and not be aware that some beloved ritual of a

felicitous nature is going on. Gaiety reigns. Bright, breeze-waved banners tacked on posts or adobe walls welcome the returning spirit guests.

The people of this fascinating country visit the cemeteries on their Memorial Day and elaborately decorate the graves, but to them it is a happy occasion, one calling for fun and frolic. Candles play an important part in the dramatic life of the Mexican, so it is little wonder that lighted candles, typifying immortality, the returning presence of their loved ones, are used on the graves. The flickering flames add warmth and cheer to the scene, and relieve the drabness and austerity of the otherwise stark graves, usually marked only by small wooden crosses.

Baskets of food holding, if possible, the deceased's favorite dishes, as well as the familiar tortillas, beans and chili are set alongside. These are first courteously offered to the

departed, then after waiting a short but polite while, they are eaten by the living.

Flowers, too, are used extravagantly on the Day of the Dead. Mexicans love blooms of every variety. They have been known to part with their last centavo for a none-too-choice blossom. If they cannot afford fresh ones, they substitute not too unhappily those made out of paper. The traditional flower of the dead is the *zemaschuchill*, which looks something like a mari-gold. These are often used to embellish arches over the grave or are fashioned into altars at home with the household saint presiding.



IT is incongruous perhaps that the Day of the Dead spells a lively business for the merchants. Advance advertising is unnecessary. Bakers roll up their sleeves days ahead preparing large quantities of *panes de muertos*, bread of the dead. This is usually white flour dough made into shapes of people or animals, each most elaborately decorated.

Youngsters crowd into candy stores where they eagerly exchange a few centavos for life-size white-sugar skulls with glaring, tinselled eyes. Queer as it may seem, they love to play, too, with doll-size cardboard coffins, or amuse themselves by the hour pulling strings of skeleton jumping jacks.

In the midst of all this jocularity the only macabre note is the wearing of grotesque masks. Maybe the impassive expressions of the masks serve to intensify the ardor of these inherently happy people, or at least make it easier for them to give vent to some fanatical impulse. The fantastic artificial faces vary from cheap papier-mâché that sell for about two centavos up to hand-wrought, exquisitely carved wooden ones. Some of the masks have real hair and teeth to make them, according to one's point of view, more amusing or more horrible. Other masks are of tooled leather, or pierced tin.

When a household prepares for the homecoming of a child spirit, fire-crackers are often exploded outside the house. This is to attract the little soul in case he loses his way. The noise naturally is expected to draw his attention in the right direction in order that he will be assured of participating in the family fun.

Truly their Day of the Dead is not one of mourning in Mexico, but one of rejoicing. It's the wonderful time set aside when the living and dead can get together.

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BY ELENA GOFORTH

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WHAT'S IN A STATE NAME?

DO YOU ever wonder what they mean — those 48 names which are so familiar upon our maps and our tongues?

Bequeathed to us from those ancient Indian villages, and from the pioneers, who brought with them the courtliness and romance of other nations, these names are historically intriguing. Far from being mere labels, some of them stand as the immortal monuments to eminent persons of the past, and others as perpetual reminders of the era when all white men were immigrants.

Iowa started out as "Ouaouiatonon," the name of a tribe of Indians, which the French shortened to Ouaouia to designate the river by which they lived. Spellings changed, the Indian tribe came to be known as the "Ioways," the river as the "Iowa," and the state thereby came by its name.

Kansas also was the name of a tribe, Kansa, the "s" having been added by the French to designate the plural.

Ohio has a clear-cut and obvious meaning, stemming from the Iroquoian word O-he-yo, meaning "fine (or great or beautiful) river."

Mississippi also was named from the river, which had been called by the Indians something which sounded like Missi Sepe, meaning generally "big river."

Missouri has been said to mean "muddy water," but this probably came from the fact that the word "Pekitanoui," which was the Indian name for the river, did mean "muddy water." However, "Missouri" was the name of a tribe of Indians who lived along the river.

The name of a tribe known as the Alibamons, "thicket-clearers," was first used by the French to designate the river on which the tribe lived, and later was applied, in altered form, to the territory and the state of **Alabama**.

The name of **Arkansas** is said to be derived from the name of an Indian tribe, "Quapaw," meaning "downstream people." After many

arguments, the pronunciation "Arkansaw" remained; the spelling, however, emerged as "Arkansas."

Connecticut was the final form of the Indian word Quinetucquet, Quenticutt, or Quinnehtukqut, meaning "at the long estuary" or "beside the tidal river."

Illinois is the French form of "Iliniouek," meaning "men," the name of an Indian tribe which the French applied first to the lake upon whose shores the tribe lived (now Lake Michigan), then, as the tribe migrated, to the river where they resided.

Nebraska, in the form of "Nibthaska," was the Indian name for the Platte River. To them it meant "flat (shallow or broad) water."

The meaning of the name **Tennessee** has been lost — had been lost even before the first white explorers came upon an old Cherokee town which the inhabitants called Tenassee, Tanasi, Tanassee, or Tansi, situated on the west bank of what is now the Little Tennessee River.

Wisconsin had no less than 20 different spellings in the early days, and the river by that Indian name was identified on maps by such far-flung appellations as Miscous, Mes-cousing, Mesconsing, and Ouisconsing. The meaning of the word has never been known, although some writers have interpreted it as "gathering of the waters."

Minnesota similarly appeared on early maps in a multitude of forms, ranging from Menesotor to Minnay

Sotor, and was given first to the river, thence to the territory and state. The meaning of the word is "cloudy water" or, popularly and poetically, "sky-tinted water."

Kentucky, from the Indian Kenta-ke, "meadow-land," was applied first to the open country, from which the river took its name, and later the state.

After the tribe of the Illinois moved away from the lake which had borne their name, the lake became "Michi-guma," meaning "big water" or "big lake"; the name passed through the changes imposed by time and speech difference to become **Michigan**.

Massachusetts started out as the name of a tribe, Mass-adchu-seuck, "big-hill people," and through alterations and combinations finally came to mean "near the big hills."

Indiana, "land of the Indians," was the name given to a territory which in early days was vague in extent.

The word **Oklahoma**, which can be clearly broken down into the Choctaw "okla," meaning "people," and "humma" or "homma," meaning "red," was adopted after the suggestion of the chief of the Choctaws.

TEXAS derived its name from the word "techas," a cordial word of greeting and comradeship, meaning "friends." Indian tribes of that region had joined together for protection, and the word "techas" was

so commonly used among them that the word spread to outlying regions as the name of the allied tribes themselves.

Arizona is generally considered to have derived its name from a Papago Indian term meaning "little spring." This interpretation carries with it a legendary story of Spaniards who, in 1730, found huge nuggets of silver lying on the ground close to a small spring in the desert — a tremendous find, as one of the nuggets was reputed to tip the scales at three tons!

Wyoming emerged from the Delaware "Meche-weami-ing," meaning "big plains" or "extensive meadows," which was the Indians' name for a valley in Northeast Pennsylvania. The name was applied to counties in several states, and finally to the state so named.

The state of **Utah** was named for the Yutta, or Ute, Indians who inhabited the region.

North and South Dakota took the name "Dakota" from an Indian tribe. The word means "allies," and in the form of "Lakota," "Nakota," or "Dakota" was the Sioux name for their confederated tribes.

Idaho probably is a contraction of the Shoshonean "Ee-dah-how," meaning "good morning," "behold the sun coming down the mountains," or "it is time to arise." Another possible origin of the word is from "Idahi," a name by which the Comanche were also known.

Turning eastward, and away from the names of Indian origin, we come

to a group which speak of other countries:

New Hampshire tied the new land to a favored spot in England. In 1629 a grant of land southwest of Maine was made to Captain John Mason of the Royal Navy, who called it New Hampshire in remembrance of the English county of Hampshire where he had spent most of his youth.

In 1664, Peter Stuyvesant surrendered Fort Amsterdam, at which time the Dutch territory in America became the possession of the English. A patent for the territory was granted by the King of England to his brother, James, Duke of York and Albany, in whose honor New Amsterdam was re-named **New York**.

Rhode Island may be reminiscent of the Island of Rhodes in the Aegean Sea. But if so, it is only because Verrazano, as early as 1524, sighted the spot from his ship sailing along the coast and described it as a place "in the form of a triangle, distant from the maine lande 3 leagues, about the bignesse of the Ilande of the Rhodes."

THE NAME New Jersey was given to "certain lands in America" granted to Sir John Berkeley and Sir George Carteret, in remembrance of the Island of Jersey in the English Channel, Carteret's birthplace, and of which he had been lieutenant governor.

As early as 1561, **New Mexico**

was called "*Nuevo Mexico*" by Fray Jacinto de San Francisco, anticipating that the New World region of the Pueblo Indians would be another realm of riches such as Hernando Cortes's Mexico.

Ten state names provide living monuments for persons who played a role in the forming of our country:

North and **South Carolina** honor Charles I and II of England, the word "*Carolina*" deriving from "*Carolus*," the Latin form of Charles. **Maryland** is a tribute of Charles I to his wife, Queen Henrietta Maria. **Georgia** recalls King George II of England. **Virginia** and **West Virginia** immortalize the British "virgin queen," Elizabeth I. **Louisiana** is an American reminder of Louis XIV. **Delaware's** name was first given to the bay to honor Thomas West, Lord de la Ware, an English baron who served as English colonial governor of Virginia. **Pennsylvania** (Penn's Forest Land) lives to perpetuate the memory of the famous Quaker, William Penn, who had suggested merely "*Sylvania*." And **Washington**, along with scores of counties and towns by that name, pays tribute to George Washington.

Six states carry names descriptive of the terrain upon which they are established:

Vermont (green mountain), possibly derived from the French language (*les monts verts*).

Florida (flowery) named by Ponce de Leon because he sighted the shore during the Easter season

called by the Spaniards "*Pascua Florida*" (feast of flowers).

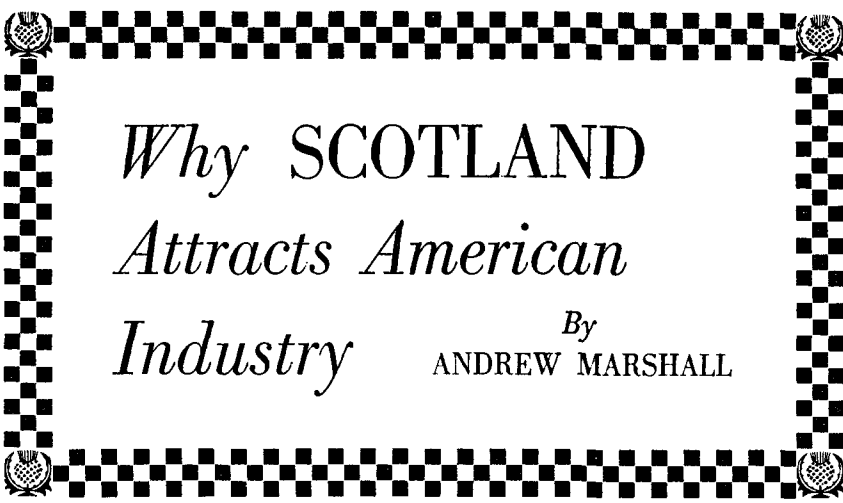
Maine, early spelled "*Mayn*," is usually thought to have described the mainland as distinguished from the islands of the coastal region; however, one authority suggests that the name came from the estate of the Parisian-born British Queen Henrietta Maria in France, called "*Maine*."

Colorado (Spanish for "red" or "ruddy") was first given to the river, now the Little Colorado, because of its red appearance. **Montana**, Spanish for "mountain," was descriptive of the state's topography. **Nevada** (Spanish for "snow-covered") was taken from the adjacent mountain range, the Sierra Nevadas, which had been called after the range of the same name in Spain.

The names of Oregon and California conclude the list with enigmatical origins:

Oregon is said by one authority to come from "*origanum*," a type of sage which grows wild on the Pacific Coast. Another believes it stems from the word "*Oregons*" (big-eared men), a Spanish name given by a Jesuit priest to the Indian tribes of that area.

The word **California** is almost equally shrouded in mystery, but the generally accepted, and romantic, theory is that it was named for the fanciful island of California, which was a product of the imagination of Vasco de Lobeira, a Portuguese novelist.



Why SCOTLAND *Attracts American* *Industry*

By
ANDREW MARSHALL

SINCE 1945, twenty-two United States firms have established branches in Scotland. Against the vast background of American industry, twenty-two does not seem a large number of firms, but it represents about 60% of American private business investment in Europe since 1945, and 80% of factory space acquired by Americans in Great Britain during that time.

Why is such a large proportion located in Scotland—one of Europe's smallest countries, with an industrial belt only about ninety miles by thirty? Most people's first thoughts of Scotland are of rugged

scenery, wild music, smooth whiskey, tartan and fairies. Lately it has become famous, particularly to Americans, as a stage for international culture.

But industry? However, to think of Scottish industry is to recall that "Clyde-built" means the aristocracy of ships. Steel from Scotland's Lanarkshire bears stresses and strains in the world's remote places. So do Scotsmen. This suggests that they do not have sufficient scope at home, and this last suggestion points to one of the reasons for the present American influx.

Americans have come to Scotland,



not to be partners in building the heavy goods — ships, locomotives, bridges — at which Scotsmen are traditionally expert, nor to share in the other traditional industries, such as tartan weaving and whiskey distilling. American firms are introducing up-to-date light industries, with products ranging from drinking straws and soft drinks to electric shavers, typewriters, calculating machines — on up to the heaviest items, 15-ton trucks. This emphasis on diversified light industry denotes a new policy in Scotland, and American firms are making a valuable contribution to that policy.

• In the past, the Scottish industrial belt frequently lapsed into the “depressed area” category. There was mass unemployment simply because Scotland was over-specialized in the heavy industries, and it is they which suffer most when the world’s finances are knocked off balance. The *Queen Mary*, for example, rusted in stocks for four years without a rivet being hammered while a quarter of Scotland’s workers were idle. England suffered also, but to a lesser extent, for there, more than in Scotland, people were turning out pots, pans, radios, shoes and fountain pens — the smaller items which maintain steadier sales than ships, locomotives and bridges.

• In 1945, when the most popular work in British politics was “planning,” the chance for a change was made with the passing of the Distribution of Industry Act, which

labeled heavy industry areas as “development areas.” Their heavy industries were to be supplemented with light industries, giving steady employment to all.

In Scotland there was not enough indigenous light industry for full development, and the idea was to attract as many overseas firms as possible.

• THE leaders of industrial development in Scotland exerted themselves to provide more attractions for industry than are found elsewhere in Britain, and aimed in particular at the United States and Canada.

Britain as a whole has attractions for the American industrialist wishing to expand his business overseas. One of his chief considerations must be whether he is going to have easy access to markets. Insular Britain — no part of it more than a hundred miles from the sea — with Europe’s biggest merchant fleet, is the best country in Europe for sea trading. But has Scotland particular distribution advantages to account for its 80% popularity over the rest of Britain?

• London is Britain’s leading seaport. However, Glasgow is the most cheaply operating of the large ports, with notably less labor trouble than either London or Liverpool. Glasgow’s docks would be capable of handling greatly increased traffic as proved in wartime when the Clyde handled more than half of Britain’s

shipping, owing to London and Liverpool being bomb-crippled.

London has Britain's leading airport, but for short European trips it has a curious irritation. Traffic congestion in London is such that it has been recorded that flights from Norway to London's airport have taken a shorter time than the journey from the airport to the city center. Glasgow's airport for short flights, Renfrew, does not present this problem. The Scottish airport for long (including trans-Atlantic) flights is Prestwick, two land-travel hours from Glasgow.

♣ In addition, Prestwick has most years without even a single day's flying interrupted by fog, whereas London is notorious for being fogged up. Prestwick had at one time been in danger of closing down owing to lack of business. Its "discovery" by American plane delivery pilots during the war gave it the necessary recognition, and its use by leading airlines (particularly Canadian) is increasing at a greater rate than that of London.

♣ Yes, Scotland has some advantages in the field of transportation, but that is only part of the attraction.

For materials, such as foundry iron and steel ingots, there is little to choose between Scotland, Wales and England. England has the biggest supply of plastics; Wales of tin.

However, Scotland must be given the credit for producing all of Britain's virgin aluminum.

BUT one of Scotland's distinct advantages is perhaps best expressed in the Gaelic motto of the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board: "*Neart nan Gleann*" (Power from the Glens). Without that hydro-electric power, postwar Scottish industry would have been at a standstill, because a comparable generating of electricity by the coal-burning power stations would have required more coal than would have been available.

♣ The harnessing of power from the brimming lochs and fast rivers of the rainy Scottish Highlands was prefixed by years of frustrations and muddled thinking. Water was first used to drive generating machinery (in much the same way as it drives the old mill wheel) in Scotland in 1907, for an aluminum factory. In the 1920's and '30's, enlightened members of Parliament urged schemes on a national scale (on the same lines as the Tennessee Valley project) but there were too many voices crying, "Hands off the Highlands!" Landscapes would be spoiled. Huntin' and fishin' and shootin' members of Parliament feared that an invasion of laborers would spoil their sport. The almost feudal owners of grouse moors and deer forests were likewise aghast. Some Highlanders lived in a "Celtic twilight," not wishing the glens to be disturbed except perhaps by the war cries of feuding clansmen.

♣ By 1942, however, it was at last realized that the potential power of

the Highlands should be tapped. Old plans were dug out and new ones made. By the end of the war, the engineers and laborers were ready to move into the remote glens, but apart from anything else, theirs has been an aesthetic triumph. A minimum of trees were cut; as far as possible, local stone was used for building to harmonize with back-grounds (one power station is disguised as a typical, dignified Scots kirk); pipes disfiguring mountainsides were covered again with earth and the trees were replanted. Now no tour of Highland beauty spots is complete without a visit to a hydro-electric scheme. Salmon have been provided with fish-ladders, with gradually stepped-up pools enabling the fish to by-pass dams on the route to the spawning grounds.

Until just over three years ago, factories in England were often subjected to power cuts, while industry in the Glasgow area continued at full capacity, using power from the hydro schemes then completed.

SO FAR, I have considered services which have been built on natural amenities of position, supplies, topography and so on. Yet the success of American firms in Scotland has been due not only to them, but to the attitude of Scots people. Undoubtedly, the leading men in Scottish industrial development have shown themselves more willing to help the prospective business immigrants than their counterparts in

other parts of Britain. You can start an argument about traditional Scottish courtesy and traditional English aloofness, or you can simply call it good business. At any rate, it is service. The two greatest services are the provision of rented factories and the provision of information on marketing, materials and negotiating.

The incoming industrialist does not need to build a factory. He can rent one, at a varying yearly rate, but usually around eight to twelve cents a square foot on a long lease. This annual rent is not such a big financial drain as would be building at present rates. The firm can spend money on plant, advertising, and generally getting off to a flying start without the need to plough profits back into building, though most American tenants have greatly increased their factory space since coming to Scotland.

But together with Scotland's transport, hydro-electric power, and good factory sites, one of the main attractions is its high-powered publicity organizations — among the best in the world. Off Edinburgh's Princes Street is an office whose windows give an inspiring view of the castle. It is the headquarters of the Scottish Council (Development and Industry) whose president is Lord Bilsland, industrialist and a leader in the development of Scotland. The Scottish Council's policy is "to do anything and everything, no matter how small and no matter how big, that it sincerely believes

to be to the good of Scotland." It represents industry, trade unions, banks, local authorities and negotiates at government level. The Council has offices in London, New York and Toronto, agents in Scandinavia and South America. It obtains information about markets and supplies from all over the world. Thus if someone wants to buy something, the Council tells him who makes it. If a firm wants to find a new market, the Council can generally put it on to one.

➤ The Council, in cooperation with universities, makes geological surveys in order to find exploitable raw material, such as limestone and dolomite. Recently the Council helped check the drift of population from the Scottish Borders by recommending better methods of land utilization. Through their New York, London and Edinburgh offices, the Council has relieved many of the American firms of the negotiations involved in branching to Britain. A monthly magazine is distributed to industrialists throughout Britain.

➤ **T**HUS, from its transport and hydro-electric power to its well-organized business services, Scotland is attracting more and more American industry.

A glance at Scotland's industrial history reveals a sort of poetic justice in the present Scots-American business venture. The directors of some of the incoming American firms are descended from those Scotsmen who went to America to seek their fortunes. (For this reason an increase in the number of Canadian firms is likely, since Canada is in some respects more Scottish than Scotland.)

Going farther back, the southwest of Scotland got its first business impetus from trade with the early American republic. This was reduced by the American Civil War, and was further reduced when the industrial revolution turned Scotland to heavy industry.

➤ The present phase brings a closer Scots-American collaboration than ever. One of its most gratifying aspects is the difference in size of the two countries. Another is that it is being carried on without any blowing of political and ideological trumpets. It is a business arrangement. And that surely is one of the basic concepts of American democracy — that free industry should make available to as many people as possible the fruits of progress. Scotland can be proud to be a partner in this movement.





"Would you have a dog that growls at anyone who whistles?"

Music~

COG IN THE MACHINERY FOR WORLD DOMINATION

by Verna Arvey



FOR more than thirty years, European and American concert-goers have had to listen to dissonant contemporary music on the assumption that it is "new" and that it is the "music" of the future. Whenever a listener or a critic has objected, he has been rewarded with a storm of abuse and been denounced as "reactionary," "imperceptive," "stupid," or worse. He has been attacked on a smaller scale with the same venom and fury with which the Leftists now attack Senator McCarthy! Almost in the same breath, contemporary music which is not discordant has been similarly abused.

Is it only a coincidence that here in America the names of some of the abusers appear also on official un-American lists? And yet in Russia, the government has been known to

censure its composers for writing dissonant music! It has several times ordered them to return to the melodic style of composers such as Tschaikowsky.

How may this apparent paradox be explained: Dissonance encouraged in America by Soviet sympathizers, while melody was ordered in Russia?

Perhaps if we re-read Plato's *Republic* we may find an answer in this passage: "The introduction of a new kind of music must be shunned as imperiling the whole state, for styles of music are never disturbed without affecting the most important political institutions. . . . The new style, gradually gaining a lodgment, quietly insinuates itself into manners and customs, and from there it . . . goes on to attack laws and constitutions, displaying the utmost impu-

dence, until it ends by overturning everything."

A far-fetched conclusion? No, for modern scientists have discovered how to produce physical and chemical changes in various materials by the use of sound waves. Science also has revealed certain physical effects of sound on human beings. In view of such acknowledged discoveries, Plato's supposition has more logic than fantasy.

Let's take it for granted then that the Russians with characteristic thoroughness studied Plato with a view to making use of his wisdom for their insidious ends. Isn't it subversive tactics to assume that they would encourage discordant music in other countries in an effort to destroy public morale, while holding fast to flowing melodies and beautiful harmonies in Russia to foster contentment and serenity?

SUCH a procedure would be helpful to the Soviet master plan for world conquest. It would operate to destroy the cultural foundations of the free world. It would virtually stop the creation of nationalistic, patriotic music, because the ultra-modern style is not suitable for such work. Thus, the way would be opened for undermining foreigners to substitute their destructive type of music for the native expression at the chosen time. It would also be a means of recruiting subservient agents

for this Soviet purpose. Genuine creators would be eliminated by this weeding-out process as they are not the kind who bow down to dictators.

Let us review some of the things that have happened to music here and abroad in the past thirty years, to see if they do not bear out this conclusion, fantastic as it may seem.

In the early twenties, when the Russians were launching their first stages of the cold war against the United States, American composers were waging a desperate fight for recognition in their own country. They were taunted with following European models so slavishly that there was nothing truly American in their music.

Then, in sudden reversal, they began to get and enjoy more opportunities to be heard, and to receive a fair share of publicity. The American public was agreeably surprised to find that it had genuine musical talent, after all. The response became increasingly enthusiastic. Delighted at the change, the American composers awaited the fruits of their approved efforts. But they reckoned without their host.

Soon, for no apparent reason, it was evident that there was a quiet campaign to advance only certain composers. Oddly enough, those not favored were generally the composers who wrote consonant or, as their opponents sneeringly put it, "romantic" music. Significantly, the



consonant composers, it may be noted, also were not those who jumped into print in support of such known Soviet agents as Hanns Eisler, nor to endorsing the Party line.

But it became apparent that the composers who *were* advanced were given plenty of publicity. Pertinent to this, they signed enough questionable documents to get their names on many disclosed un-American organization lists, and they held our country to be cruel in discriminating against people like Hanns Eisler.

And still more significant, their music was cacophonous — sterile of melodic inspiration.

WHO furthered this harsh music? People such as Olin Downes did. He is top music critic on the *New York Times*, and received unpleasant publicity when his name was connected with matters allegedly favored by the Soviet Union. But apart from that, his musical pronouncements in praise of the “new” music became so arbitrary that Charles O’Connell, in his book, *The Other Side of the Record*, spoke of a performance given by the late Dr. Serge Koussevitsky at Tanglewood “for the self-conscious sophisticates and simpering sycophants whom Olin Downes regards as ‘the elite.’”

Through the years, the course taken by Mr. Downes and others who agreed with him has been so successful that today only the cacophonous, collaborating composers

are regarded as being outstanding in the world’s music. Their music is performed out of all proportion to its real merit. The consonant composers have managed to hold on as “also rans,” but only by fighting a furious battle.

All of this musical revolution was incited by a Communist device known as the “boost and the blacklist.” Today, the Russians are so sure they have won this ideological drive that in an interview given in Moscow by Dmitri Shostakovich, early in 1954, to the United Press, he praised certain of the American composers whose works have been furthered by the devious methods we’ve described. When we recall that Shostakovich would not be permitted to say for publication anything that is not approved by the Kremlin, this is a little sinister.

The so-called music turned out by certain of these “futuristic” American composers has never found favor with the great majority of Americans. This was admitted by Aaron Copland himself (a long list of whose alleged Leftist affiliations appeared in the January 16, 1953 issue of the *Congressional Record*) when he wrote an article for the *New York Times* in 1949, defending the “new” music. He said, “After almost fifty years of so-called modern music there are still thousands of well-intentioned music-lovers who think it sounds peculiar.” And then he compared it to Picasso’s “more controversial paintings.”

Parenthetically, the same thing that has happened in music has happened in art. In several instances, the "non-objective" painting has been admitted to be the work of pro-Communist or openly Communistic artists. Picasso is said to be a member of the Communist Party; Matisse has lent his name to Communist causes, and is described as being a member of the unorganized "intellectual Left." In America, when certain leading artists protested the "cult of unintelligibility in contemporary art," they were rewarded by being called "reactionaries" and "political vigilantes." The same epithets were used which had been so effective against composers.

THOUGH this formless art and this music without melody and harmony are heartily disliked by the general public, they have been persistently forced upon our people, whether they like them or not.

Why? Do the Leftists hope to wear us down by ceaseless repetition, until we no longer dare to express our views or to have a will of our own? Until we are willing to accept what is offered without weighing its worth?

Once Karl Krueger gave his conviction that "the American audience for art music is not unwilling to hear contemporary music. On the contrary, it is eager to do so. But it does resent attempts to blackjack it into liking works for which it does not care. . . . The whole art organ-

ism has had to fight off miasmal pressure groups which use the arts for ignoble and ulterior ends."

While all this was going on in the United States, what was happening in Russia? That's a different story. At first, Russia showed a great deal of leniency toward people connected with the arts. Their lives were not altered as much as were the lives of others under the Soviet regime. Then in the early thirties this happy situation was changed when Stalin decided that all the creative forces of the country had to be mobilized to serve the Communist Party. The subject-matter of artistic creations was then determined at higher political levels, not by the artists themselves. Those composers who submitted to dictatorship were allowed to continue work. The others? Only rumors of their fate have drifted through to the free world. Physical and mental persecution, certainly. In this way, creative minds were abolished or made totally inactive, and mediocrities flourished.

Even this was a happy state of affairs as far as the remaining musicians were concerned, compared to the Russians' later command, which dictated that not only the content but the outward form must be along Party lines. Composers were told to write on certain themes, and to do so in the style of Tchaikowsky. The earlier attempts at dissonance were criticized. Melody was demanded of composers who, from all indications, could not produce it.

Undoubtedly this edict accounts for the banality of some of the Shostakovich and Khachaturian music. It probably also explains the rumors that Prokofieff, a composer who was actually capable of turning out inspiring music on occasion, was in disfavor, or was incarcerated in a mental institution. He finally died without even an obituary.

FREQUENT public chastisings of Soviet composers have been authenticated. Their real purpose was two-fold: to publicize those composers and make their names household words over the entire world, and to satisfy the ego of the dictator, who wanted the world to know how complete was his control.

By the late thirties, Josef Stalin had interested himself in music to such extent that government favor was accorded to mediocrities, who were willing and able to turn out music to please the least critical audiences. He made them play down to the masses instead of trying to elevate cultural tastes. At the same time, Stalin bitterly objected to foreign popular music and to modern contemporary dissonant music in all its forms—for Russia, that is. Abroad, the creators of cacophony were given every behind-the-scenes opportunity to advance.

As in Russia, so it was in the satellite countries as each was conquered. American music was banned as being “degrading” and “anti-socialist.” An odd sidelight to this is that ever

since the early twenties, American composers have been asked repeatedly to send scores of their music to Russia as a friendly gesture. But if sent, the scores were never heard from again—except in music turned out by certain Soviet composers, which was then ballyhooed as being “original” and “unique.” Of course, no one could be accused of being a plagiarist. That simply isn’t done among “friends.” However, it was a clever way of creating a Russian product which might appeal to the American market.

Now, since Stalin’s death, the Party line has changed again. Soviet composer Khachaturian and the Soviet writer Ilya Ehrenburg have made public protests against the regimentation of Soviet artists, and have called for a return to true artistic values and the integrity of the individual creator. They have attacked the system of having committees review and pass judgment on new music before it can even be performed, and have asked for a public verdict instead. The widespread publicity given these protests indicates that a new policy is in the making.

Is this a turn for the better? That would be wishful thinking. No matter what their pronouncements, the Russians will continue as they have hitherto, advancing whom they wish to advance for their own purposes at the moment, at home and abroad.

But let us understand the score—musical and otherwise.

Letters to the Editor

» Thank you for a real American magazine. You are doing a most important job in exposing the Communists in and out of the Government. Many thanks to you and the men who write your fine articles. Wishing you continued success, I am

CHARLES H. DRIER
Calumet, Michigan

» I wish to express my very sincere thanks for the article "What Has Joe McCarthy Accomplished?" by Harold Lord Varney. It is encouraging to know the true facts are being published.

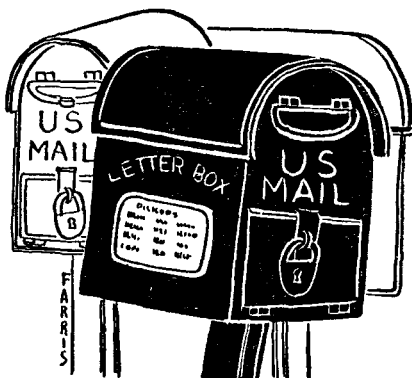
MADELINE COSTER
Pontiac, Michigan

» . . . A magazine which should be in the home of every loyal American not only for its forthright and courageous stand against the subversive forces threatening our nation today, but also for the interesting, clean and constructive character of its contents. I only wish there were more publications maintaining such high standards.

I feel that the least I can do is to give the AMERICAN MERCURY my support by becoming a regular subscriber and urging my friends to do likewise. I shall also put it on my Christmas list . . .

B. O. MILLER
W. I. Hollingsworth & Co.
Los Angeles, California

» . . . I am entirely out of sympathy with the MERCURY's present editorial



policy. Doubtless you understand why, as I am sure you have had letters like this before. I do not think that individuals such as Senator Joseph McCarthy, William F. Buckley, Jr., John T. Flynn, and J. B. Matthews, to name a few, are doing the nation much good at present, and indeed I believe they are causing great harm by crying up the puny Communist menace in this country at a moment when the international scene is so critical. Needless to add, I am not saying that there is no Communist menace within the country, but one should have a little perspective and see that right now there are more profitable areas of activity . . .

ROBERT H. FERRELL
Indiana University
Bloomington, Indiana

» I love the magazine!

MISS M. K. GEIS
Fort Lee, New Jersey

» . . . You have one of the most fearless and courageous magazines in America . . .

MRS. ELLA DOMEK
Conoga Park, California

» The chairman of your board, Mr. Russell Maguire, and all your editors deserve hearty congratulations for your courage to inform the people about the atheistic and materialistic philosophy of the godless Soviets. Keep up the fine work.

ORSON KILBORN
Ormond Beach, Florida

» You deserve a circulation of millions and unless you go after just that this country is finished as we know it.

G. G. YULE
Floral Park, New York

» I feel very strongly about Communism and usually I am disappointed that so few men in the Army with me give a hoot one way or another. . . . Keep up the good work. There is no other publication in the U.S. which is fearlessly patriotic. Bless you a thousand times over.

CHARLES R. KEADLE
Cpl., U.S. Army
Seoul, Korea

» I think your magazine is splendid, and thank goodness you are not afraid to speak the truth.

MRS. JAMES W. ZEVELY
New York, New York

» I am glad to be privileged to read such a fine magazine as the MERCURY. I enjoy it very much.

E. ZUMWALT
Dallas, Texas

» Keep printing! Maybe the boneheads will yet see the light.

EARL S. THOMAN
Railroad, Pennsylvania

» I like your fight against Communism and the fight for America. Your stand is the only one to take.

J. K. ADAIR
San Antonio, Texas

» Had I as little faith in the people and institutions of this country as your editors and writers display, I should certainly head for Portugal or Spain. The country needs conservatives — but not blind ones.

PAUL V. CONNELLY
New York, New York

» Just a note of appreciation on the character of your wonderful magazine. The service that your magazine renders to our country is more than likely unmeasurable, as to the exact amount of good that it is doing. But to the people who want to keep informed on the latest tactics of the subversive elements your magazine gives the utmost, and in that respect it is absolutely unbeatable.

G. P. STEHLIN
Glendale, Long Island, N Y.

» Please continue to give the Comies plain hell!

GEORGE H. BOTT
Norwalk, California

» The MERCURY is to be commended for its vigorous campaign against Communists and Communism. I feel a very deep sense of gratitude to the publisher and editorial staff for this work.

ELIZABETH W. BROOKS
Lakeland, Florida

Do You Know That —

- ▶ Guatemala, with a population of about three million, was taken over by the Communists with a total Party membership of only 500. This is almost the exact proportion of U. S. population to the membership of the U. S. Party of 25,000 — about one in every 600,000.
- ▶ U. S. Government and private interests abroad, having increased about \$3 billion annually since 1947, now total about \$39½ billion.
- ▶ Reports from breeders in the industry which is developing in California, indicate that the nutria may well be the nearest thing to a shmoos yet discovered. According to the furriers who imported the first pairs from their native Argentina, in addition to the luxury pelts which come from the underbelly, there is great demand for the rest of the pelt, the whiskers, teeth, meat and carcass by the makers of hats, artists' brushes, jewelry, pet food and fertilizer, respectively.
- ▶ The second-largest merchant ship ever built in the United States, the largest oil tanker in the world, is exceeded in size of merchant ships only by the five great passenger vessels in trans-Atlantic service. She can carry 16½ million gallons of oil.
- ▶ The 21 Americans who went over to their Red Chinese captors are technically still U. S. citizens, retaining all rights except G. I. benefits.
- ▶ Columbia University announced that after six years it has stopped taking an annual grant of \$10,000 from the Communist Polish government, established in 1948 for a chair of Polish studies, and accepted by Dwight D. Eisenhower, then president of Columbia University, over the protests of exiled Polish anti-Communists.
- ▶ Testimony before a Congressional committee recently described intense interest in 1946 of the Communists in preparing the U. S. electrical industry for sabotage in case of war by means of infiltration of unions and a series of small strikes "just to keep their hand in," for practice of planned techniques.
- ▶ A clothing workers' union announced on its fortieth birthday this year that it is worth well over \$250 million, with control of insurance companies, banks, and housing developments. It is one of the wealthiest unions in the world, but not the wealthiest.

NORA DE TOLEDANO

Shall We Lower the VOTING AGE to **18?**

By George W. Lyon

WHEN Congress began consideration of an amendment to lower the voting age to eighteen, it was acting on a proposal by President Eisenhower in his State of the Union address. This fundamental and far-reaching change in our election laws has long held some measure of popular appeal and approval. However, this would undoubtedly come from surface thinkers who may not have given the proposal sound, logical probing. It is a question that requires more than superficial thinking because it involves a number of negative aspects.

The President defended his proposal with the one stock argument that if the young man of eighteen can be drafted to defend his country, he should be given the ballot in return.

The most cogently forceful answer to this is the simple fact that our fighting instinct develops long before our reason and judgment. Both psychology and the experience of the human race down through the centuries afford abundant proof of this truth.

Should the President's proposal ever become law — probably neces-

sitating an amendment to the Constitution — it would require revising the election laws of all forty-eight states. Specifying the qualifications of an elector is a state's right and prerogative and should be vested in its authority alone, as was originally intended by the framers of our Constitution when they wrote:

The House of Representatives shall be composed of members chosen every second year by the people of the several States, and the electors in each State shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the State Legislature.

This same provision is repeated in the amendment providing for the popular election of United States Senators. It is quite possible that any individual state might be within its rights by lowering the voting age to eighteen years, but such action would not be desirable, even though legal, in light of the above provision as quoted.

Since the suffrage now makes no differentiation for sex, the debutante, the preparatory schoolgirl and the college freshman of eighteen

would, under the proposed revised law, have a vote which is now denied, for instance, a hospitalized, bedridden serviceman under present existing election laws in some states.

Consider, too, this argument: it would seem illogical and inconsistent to grant teen-agers of both sexes the ballot some three years before they have attained their legal majority — twenty-one years in most states. This raises the question: should a minor be qualified to vote before he is qualified to make a legal contract?

IF THE voting age is lowered to eighteen years, it is only logical to urge that the teen-age voters may become eligible for elective office, when no definite age qualification is required. This is a possibility that would have to be considered for the three years — eighteen, nineteen and twenty — before attaining one's majority.

The right to vote implies full citizenship — or should at least — and this entails certain duties and responsibilities, concomitants of citizenship. Just to mention one: the duty, none too pleasant, of serving on juries in both civil and criminal cases. It is doubtful if many teen-agers would possess the judgment, sound reasoning and emotional stability to make jury service a practical possibility.

Again, there are plenty of arguments against this proposed teen-aged voting that are not apparent

to the superficial thinker. And it is very significant that in the main these arguments — telling and tragic ones for the most part — are provided by the teen-agers themselves. In this connection we need only to consider two aspects — and quite serious ones they are. First, there is the ever-growing tendency to youthful delinquency and criminality of various sorts now infesting the youth of our land.

And, second, we have to consider the careless drivers and speed demons among teen-agers. If these youths have so little judgment as to constitute a positive menace to life and limb — theirs and their innocent and unfortunate victims' — they could hardly be expected to vote wisely and judiciously.

This all reminds me of my friend of years ago in upstate New York, who cast his first vote for William McKinley in his second election of 1900. Having voted, he hurried home; dashed in at the front door; threw his hat to the ceiling; embraced his mother and exclaimed, "Mother, yesterday I was a boy. Today I am a man!"

His mother, a sensible person with a Puritanical, New England ancestry, showed little emotion as she answered, "Well, son, then act the part of a man: reason well, use good judgment, and vote wisely." Unfortunately, his mother died some years before women gained the ballot, which she certainly would have used wisely and well.

Senator **Styles Bridges** *"New Hampshire" Yankee*

BY PATRICK McMAHON



THE MOST important man in the United States Senate today is a Senator whose face you rarely see peering at you from your television screen. Indeed, there are days in a row that you will not even see his name mentioned in the newspapers.

There are a score of Senators who attract more publicity; who speak more freely and more volubly on more issues from the floor of the Senate or any other available rostrum; who grab more free radio and TV time at investigating committee hearings and the numerous network forums; and who air their views more frequently and more sensationally to the Washington corps of correspondents in formal and informal press conferences.

But when the big blue chips go down on the really important legislation, the man who calls the shots more than does any other Senator is Styles Bridges of New Hampshire, President Pro Tempore

of the Senate and chairman of the powerful Senate Appropriations Committee.

Senator Styles Bridges knows more about the vast, sprawling, 70-odd-billion-dollars-a-year federal government of ours than any other member of the Senate. Along with three other men (the chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, Representative John Tabor [R., N. Y.]; the President; and the Director of the Budget Bureau), he shares the major responsibility of deciding how much money will be spent by each and every department, bureau, agency, service, office and commission of the government, on down to the smallest subdivision. Along with those other three men, he has the major responsibility of deciding not only how much will be spent, but how, when, where, why and under what conditions it will be spent.

Throughout our history, the chairmen of the two Congressional Appropriations Committees have always wielded great power and influence. But never before so much as now, during this era of \$70- and \$80-billion peace-time budgets. By simply sitting on an appropriations request, the chairman of either of these two committees can literally kill a piece of legislation he regards as undesirable, even though it has been passed by both Houses and signed by the President. By delaying action, he can literally hamstring any department or agency he finds offensive. By exerting his tremen-

dous power, he can whittle or slash appropriations requests that he considers too high, or he can even, under certain conditions, boost requests that he feels are too low.

IN EXERCISING these tremendous prerogatives, Senator Bridges has demonstrated that he thoroughly understands one of the fundamental rules of sound politics: When entrusted with great power, exercise it sparingly.

When the present chairman feels very strongly on an issue before his committee, he never hesitates to use every force at his command to assure the decision he believes is the right one.

Generally speaking, however, he rarely uses those powers. He leans heavily on his staff, the subcommittee reports, and the majority views of his full committee in arriving at decisions.

He is a strong chairman. A chairman who makes almost a fetish of being personally informed on every major detail in the hundreds of individual budgets that come before his committee — insofar as is humanly possible.

But he has never been accused, even by the opposition party, of being an arbitrary chairman.

He believes, and has demonstrated that he believes, that there are certain matters of fundamental principle that cannot be compromised. He also believes that if the democratic processes are to function with

any degree of efficiency, intelligent men must arrive at, and agree to, intelligent compromises on matters of detail.

One experience that undoubtedly had a strong, sobering effect on Bridges in preparing him for his present responsibilities occurred during the early days of World War II when he was the ranking minority member of the Appropriations Committee. While the chairman has primary responsibility and wields most of the power, the ranking minority member can make it very uncomfortable for him sometimes, if he gets too far off base.

Late in 1942, when all of the trends of the war were going against us, in Europe as well as in the Far East, Bridges was called to the White House for a private conference with a man with whom he had clashed frequently, publicly, and sometimes rather bitterly. President Roosevelt told the Senator that he was going to ask him, as a member of the opposition party, to accept a very grave responsibility in what he felt, and hoped Bridges would also feel, was in the vital interest of the nation. He told Bridges that he would have to make up his mind whether or not to accept that responsibility, without consulting with any member of his party, or any other human being, no matter how trusted. No word of this subject must ever be uttered to anyone, except the accredited participants. The President refused to give any hint as to what

the responsibility was. He simply informed Bridges that he would be asked to attend a meeting in the War Department, where it would be outlined in detail.

THREE days later he was summoned to the office of Secretary of War Stimson, along with the Chairman of the Appropriations Committee, and the second-ranking Republican and Democratic members. (Later, a similar meeting was held by Stimson with the top four ranking members of the House Appropriations Committee, with the same results.)

When they arrived, they found Stimson flanked by a group of the most eminent scientists of the nation and the leaders of the Armed Services.

They sat in stunned and utter silence while the war leaders outlined intelligence reports of the German program to develop an atomic bomb, and while the scientists advanced their views of the terrible destructive potentialities of such a bomb. They were told that on the basis of accumulated scientific knowledge, such a bomb was feasible, though many baffling difficulties would still have to be overcome. They were told that the first nation to develop the bomb would almost certainly win the war, if it were perfected in time, and, if it chose to utilize its terrible power to the utmost, it would, without any doubt, dominate the postwar world. They

were told that only three nations had the scientific and economic potential, and the sources of necessary materials, to develop such a bomb — Germany, whose program was well under way; Russia, whose capabilities were something of a question mark; and the United States, which probably had the best chance of all.

The Secretary grimly informed them that the U.S. Government had decided to develop the atomic bomb. He outlined, briefly, the details of what later was known as the Manhattan Project.

But there were two great difficulties that only the eight Congressional leaders could resolve. The project had to be kept entirely secret, not only from the public, not only from Congress, but even from the two Appropriations committees. But somehow the money had to be appropriated, billions of dollars. Under the Constitution, money cannot be appropriated without the knowledge and consent of Congress. The methods suggested by which it could be done were not only extra-legal, they were probably illegal. The eight members of Congress who were asked to put it through realized instantly that by so doing they were risking not only impeachment but possibly prison as well.

But one after the other, Senator Bridges and his colleagues gave their pledge to go along. The issue was not just whether or not this terrible power would be made available to mankind. It was which would be

the first nation to achieve it — the United States, Germany, or possibly the Soviet Union.

Well, extra-legally or illegally, the money was made available. The bomb was developed. Whether or not we made wise use of the immense power it gave us during the postwar years is a subject of considerable debate. But there can be very little debate as to what would have happened if Germany or the Soviet Union had come up with it first.

"I think most of the civilized world wishes to heaven that nuclear weapons were still beyond the reach of all nations," Bridges told a friend recently. "But as the situation then existed, with the Germans already well under way with their project, and the thing within the possible reach of the Russians, I believe we made the only possible decision. I think recent history has vindicated us."

Then he added, with a wry smile: "But I often wonder what my own fate would have been, and the fates of my colleagues, if the Manhattan Project had been a flop."

SENATOR BRIDGES is not the kind of a man who worries unduly about his decisions once they have been made. Few men are who achieve success and responsibility, whether it is public or private life. Nevertheless he must have spent many a sleepless night from the time he agreed to go along on the Man-

hattan Project and the day the first bomb was successfully exploded in the flatlands of New Mexico some two-and-a-half years later.

The fates presented Styles Bridges with two of the most important vote-getting attributes that a candidate for public office in the United States can possess. He was born on a farm. And he was compelled to work hard throughout most of his boyhood to help support his family. His is the Horatio Alger story, which since the days of Andrew Jackson has appealed so strongly to the American electorate: the poor farm boy who pulled himself up by his bootstraps and made good.

He was born in 1898 on a farm in West Pembroke, Maine, the son of Earle L. and Alina Fisher Bridges. His father died when he was nine years old, and as many another farm boy of modest circumstances has done, young Styles had to help work the family farm and share the responsibilities of the household.

Also, as millions of other American boys have done — and are still doing — Bridges worked his way through college. While attending the University of Maine, he worked in the dairy barns, rising at 4:30 every morning in order to complete his work in time to attend his morning classes.

Born and raised in the State of Maine, the senior Senator from New Hampshire actually cut his political teeth in Massachusetts. On his graduation from college in 1918, he be-

came instructor in agriculture at Sanderson Academy in Ashfield, Massachusetts. While a resident of Ashfield, the Republicans nominated and elected him a supervisor of checklists. This marked the first of a long series of consecutive election victories. Bridges has never been defeated in a campaign for public office.

Bridges soon returned to Maine to take the post of County Agricultural Agent in Hancock County. A short time later he migrated to his present State of New Hampshire, where he was appointed to the Agricultural Extension staff of the University of New Hampshire as specialist on crops and soils.

THE REAL groundwork for Bridges' political career was laid when he became the first executive secretary of the newly-organized New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation, and the editor of the bureau's official publication, the *Granite Monthly*. In those twin capacities he toured every county in the state, dozens of times, visiting every town and hamlet, soliciting members for the Bureau, and subscriptions and news for the publication. Politicians up that way say Styles Bridges knows more farmers by their first name than any man in New Hampshire, which, as any political expert can tell you, is another great asset to a candidate for public office.

Bridges got his first tryout in the political big league in 1928, when he

played the key role in obtaining the nomination and election of Charles W. Tobey for governor. Although Tobey was later to become Bridges' bitterest political enemy, before the cleavage became too deep, he named Bridges to the New Hampshire Public Service Commission in 1930, a body, incidentally, which gained a nation-wide reputation in the field of public utility regulation during the tumultuous early 1930's when the public utilities of the nation were a subject of major concern.

In 1934, Bridges received the Republican nomination for governor, and was elected. In fact, he was the only Republican to win a governorship in the nation in that unhappy Republican year — a fact which catapulted him into the national spotlight.

Not even the most wild-eyed liberals have any criticism of Bridges' record as governor of New Hampshire. He balanced the budget, something of a feat for the governor of any state back in the 1930's (New Hampshire, like most of the nation, had been operating on borrowed funds). Moreover, he did so without curtailing any essential services, and without cutting back the relief programs that were so costly but so necessary during that period of severe depression.

The thing that baffles the extreme liberals is that it was the conservative Bridges who, while governor, pushed through the necessary legislation to make New Hampshire the

first state in the nation to qualify under the Federal Social Security Act, and the second to provide unemployment insurance for workers. He also was responsible for setting up a State Cancer Commission, one of the first in the nation, to conduct research and provide treatment.

Also, alarmed at the increasing encroachment of the Federal Government in fields of government that had traditionally been left to the states, Governor Bridges pioneered the negotiation of interstate pacts to eliminate disparities and disagreements between states which were being used by the Washington empire-builders as an excuse to further extend Federal powers.

Bridges was the first governor of New Hampshire to name women to executive posts in the state government, and to appoint a woman judge, another fact which doesn't hurt any around election time.

STYLES BRIDGES had a narrow escape from political disaster in 1936, but once again the fates were kind. He was almost nominated for the vice-presidency on the Landon ticket. To the top G.O.P. politicoes, especially the younger men, Bridges had considerable appeal. His election in 1934 had proved him to be an outstanding vote-getter. He had an excellent record as governor. He was well-liked by labor and the farmers. He was a forceful platform speaker, and as such, might offset one of Mr. Landon's more obvious deficiencies.

And he was young — a mere 37.

Then some smart adviser pointed out that if Bridges were nominated for the second spot on the ticket, the natural campaign song for the Democrats would be a parody of the old nursery rhyme: "Landon-Bridges Falling Down." Thus Bridges was saved from a fate which could have meant political death.

So he went back to New Hampshire and campaigned for the U.S. Senate, instead, and despite a Democratic landslide — the most devastating political landslide in U.S. history, which even swept New Hampshire — he was elected.

During that campaign there occurred one of those amusing blunders that sooner or later fall to the lot of every political figure. Nearing the end of the campaign, candidate Bridges was making a whirlwind series of speeches one night in the heart of enemy territory, the Democratic stronghold of Manchester. He arrived at a rally at the Franco-American club, jumped out of his car and hurried up to the chairman, tired, a bit breathless and a good half-hour behind his schedule.

"I'm Governor Bridges," he said, grasping the somewhat startled chairman by the hand, and pumping it vigorously. "I'm overdue at another meeting, and have two more speeches to make tonight. I'd appreciate it very much if you could cut the present speaker short, and let me go on immediately."

The chairman went into a quick

huddle with his aides; the man then speaking was unceremoniously cut off, and the Governor was escorted to the platform. There, for the next twenty minutes, he denounced "the horrible mess the Democrats have made in Washington."

"It was a darn good speech," Bridges insists to this day. But before he was half-way through, it became apparent even to him that his audience did not think so.

And when he glanced towards the back of the room a few minutes later, during one of those brief pauses for emphasis and anticipated applause (which this time was *not* forthcoming) he knew very well that something was wrong. For standing there in the center of the aisle, grimly ignoring the frantic whispers of the distraught chairman and his aides, was the then Congressman William Rogers, the Democratic nominee for the Senate, and Bridges' campaign opponent.

It seems there were two Franco-American clubs in Manchester. Both were holding political rallies that night. And Bridges was addressing the Democratic rally.

PRIOR to the 1936 campaign, Bridges was regarded by many liberals, both in his and in the Democratic party, as one of their very own. But as a result of his vigorous attacks against the Roosevelt Administration, and especially against the rapidly increasing growth of Federal power in all phases of po-

litical and economic life, doubts commenced to rise, at least in the minds of the more avid New Dealers. The doubts changed to suspicions when Bridges as a freshman Senator took a leading role in the fight against President Roosevelt's plan to pack the Supreme Court. And the suspicions became convictions as Senator Bridges fought consistently for economy in government and a balanced budget, and against further extension of government controls and power. Today they regard him as the archest of the arch-conservatives.

Styles Bridges insists that his own political philosophy has not changed. It is simply the issues and the philosophy of the liberals that have changed. He believes firmly in free enterprise, and the holding of government authority (particularly that of the Federal Government) to a practical minimum.

However, he also believes, as firmly today as he did when he was governor of New Hampshire, that free enterprise and our democratic institutions cannot be rigid nor static things. They must have flexibility to meet new challenges and new crises, whether they arise in time of peace or in time of war.

During his eighteen years in the U.S. Senate, Bridges has participated vigorously in virtually every major controversy, in an era when controversy has been the dominant note of national political affairs. It was inevitable, with such a record,

that he make many enemies, including some very powerful enemies.

ONE of the charges most frequently voiced is that Bridges is a "politician." And, of course, he *is* a politician — one of the most astute politicians in the U.S. Senate. After all, the business of government, in a democracy at least, is "politics." It is just about time we Americans learned that fact.

It is grossly untrue, however, to infer by the use of the word "politician," that he is dishonest, or insincere, or interested only in being elected and re-elected to public office. Senator Bridges has repeatedly risked his political career by bucking the tide of public opinion, both in his state and in the nation, on matters which he felt involved important principles. He has done so at times when emotionalism was running high, and when he knew in advance that his cause was hopelessly lost (at least for the time being) and the only effect of his stand would be to antagonize substantial blocs of voters.

Back in the 1930's, when pacifism was at an all-time high, when the country was thoroughly engrossed with its own troubles and weary of the perennial quarrels and problems of Europe, Bridges was one of the first Senators to warn of the growing menace of German Naziism, Italian Fascism and Japanese imperialism. His was one of the lone voices to demand immediate strengthening of

U.S. air and sea power. And he drew down the wrath of millions of so-called "isolationists" and won the epithet of "war-monger."

In 1937, he introduced into the Senate a resolution to ban the shipment of scrap iron and steel, and other war goods, to Japan — and to this day there must be millions of parents, widows and sweethearts of men who were lost in the Pacific who wish with all their hearts that Bridges' measure had been adopted.

Bridges' unpopular stands, of course, were thoroughly vindicated by the events of December 7, 1941, and those that followed in the ensuing months and years.

In even more striking fashion, recent events have vindicated his far more unpopular stands during the war and early postwar years. As far back as during the battle of Stalingrad, when the press and public of the nation — conservatives and liberals alike — were singing paeans of praise to the Red Army, Bridges was one of the first responsible officials to warn of the potential dangers of Soviet imperialism, to question the wisdom of the huge Lend-Lease shipments to Russia, and to publicly charge that secret deals were being negotiated at Teheran and Yalta. He was one of the first Senators to charge that Communists held high posts in the U.S. Government, and to support the then bitterly criticized efforts of Congressional committees to root them out.

Today those efforts of Bridges to

awaken the nation to the Communist dangers are overwhelmingly sustained. But at the time, they brought down on him tirades of abuse, and not only from the Communies, the pinkoes, and the extreme liberals.

But the tough-minded Yankees in the State of New Hampshire apparently respect a Senator with a mind of his own, and the political courage to vote his convictions. For in 1948, they again re-elected Bridges, this time by the largest majority given a Senatorial candidate in the state's history.

TODAY Senator Bridges is again bucking the political tides, in the view of many astute politicians. While many of his Republican colleagues from the farm states are desperately temporizing, the senior Senator from the predominantly agricultural state of New Hampshire — who incidently is up for re-election again this year — has come out strongly for the administration's flexible price-support program — a stand which many of his friends have warned him will bring down the wrath of the farmers.

Bridges disagrees. He feels that the American farmer needs, and should have some assistance in, price stabilization of his major crops. But he is also convinced that the rigid parity program of the past several years has had the inevitable effect of encouraging the over-production of commodities already

existing in surplus, that the net results are grossly unfair to the taxpayer and the consumer, a serious threat to the nation's economy, and in the long run, a danger to the farmer himself. And Styles Bridges' background in farming includes the practical and the theoretical, as well as the political.

A rather ironic aspect of Bridges' political career is that, of all the bitter controversies in which he has engaged, the two battles that caused him the severest headaches were one in which he did not participate at all and one in which he entered only as a peacemaker — and succeeded in making the peace.

To this day some of the ardent supporters of the late Senator Taft, and the even more zealous followers of President Eisenhower, have not forgiven Bridges for his refusal to enter the 1952 pre-convention campaign (on the side of their respective candidate, of course). He has been accused of betraying the man who was one of his closest friends in the Senate; of waiting until the race was over, and then slapping down his bet on the winning horse; of playing both factions in an unsuccessful try for the vice-presidential nomination.

The facts are these: At the opening of the 1952 session of Congress, Bridges was asked by his Republican colleagues to serve as minority floor leader. It was already apparent that a bitter fight was brewing between the Taft and Eisenhower factions. If the Republicans were to function

with any effectiveness during that session, it was absolutely essential that the minority floor leaders in the Senate and the House remain on good terms with the supporters of both Eisenhower and Taft. So, on accepting their respective posts, both Bridges and Representative Joseph Martin, the minority leader of the House, were asked to pledge that they would remain absolutely aloof from the pre-convention campaign. They both gave that pledge. They both scrupulously kept it. And — as is frequently the fate of the neutral — they both wound up taking a lusty thumping from *both* sides.

CURIOUSLY, Bridges' close friend, Joe Martin, also shared with him that other political headache, the one he received as the peacemaker (whose blessings, alas, are usually reserved for another world).

Back in the spring of 1948, two important events were vying for the nation's attention, and neither one of them was exactly unfamiliar to the American public. A presidential election was brewing. And John L. Lewis's coal miners were out on an "undeclared" strike.

And back in the spring of 1948, things did not look too good for President Truman and the Democrats. They were already being ruled into political oblivion by such august authorities as Gallup and Roper, and some of Tom Dewey's more impetuous followers were confidently shopping for Georgetown houses.

Things were to change somewhat, later in the year (along about early November, I think it was), but at the time the Fair Dealers were so desperate that they even seized upon the hated Taft-Hartley Act in an effort to drum up some political capital, and they threw the book at John L. Lewis, who was the Number One villain of the day. His miners had been out for more than 20 days. Coal reserves were rapidly nearing exhaustion. Steel mills throughout the nation were banking their furnaces, and factories were shutting down. Schools were closing; trains running only half their schedules. Truly, the nation was on the verge of a great economic crisis.

And it was all because John L. Lewis and Ezra Van Horne of the coal operators, the two trustees of the miners' multi-million-dollar pension fund, were unable to agree on a program to start paying pensions. The third trustee, after months of vainly trying to effect a compromise, finally had quit in disgust.

THEN Joe Martin got an idea. He approached Lewis and Van Horne and suggested that they name Styles Bridges as the third, or "neutral" trustee, to try to work out an acceptable compromise. Both agreed, and Bridges accepted the job.

Two days later Bridges came up with a proposed compromise, and although Van Horne flatly rejected it, Lewis reluctantly agreed. Since Bridges and Lewis constituted a

majority of the three-man board, the proposal was adopted — and the miners went back to the pits.

The initial reaction of the nation was one of immense relief, and generally unstinted praise for Martin and Bridges for the parts they had played in bringing an end to a catastrophic impasse. The day the compromise was adopted, Speaker Martin was given a rising ovation by the entire House, Republicans and Democrats alike.

But some of the more rabid Fair Dealers were fit to be tied. They viewed the whole thing as a snide trick by Republicans Bridges and Martin, to deprive them of the full glory of prosecuting Lewis and his union under the Taft-Hartley law.

The mine operators were not very happy about it either. They immediately slapped Bridges and Lewis with a series of lawsuits and injunctions, charging them with illegally using their powers as trustees of the pension fund.

But the miners stayed on the job.

Then, a few months later, the roof fell in on Senator Bridges. The former left-wing Senator from Idaho, banjo-playing Glen H. Taylor, took the Senate floor to reveal, with considerable gusto and innuendo, that Bridges was receiving compensations at the rate of \$35,000 a year for his services as trustee to the miners' pension fund and for his expenses in connection with the same. It was perfectly true (Van Horne got the same). But while \$35,000 a year

would be regarded as a modest fee for a top-flight New York or Boston lawyer for sharing in the management of millions of dollars, it was regarded as a fortune in the Nation's Capital, where the men who are responsible for the expenditure of billions are lucky to receive a third of that amount. The Fair Dealers really went to town, and peacemakers Bridges and Martin found themselves buffeted from all sides.

By that time Bridges had become pretty thoroughly fed up with the job. Not only was he being sued by the operators and individual miners, but he was clashing repeatedly, and sometimes publicly, with Lewis. One day he was denounced as a stooge of John L. Lewis, and the next he was accused of selling out to the operators. Much of his \$35,000-a-year salary was being eaten up in legal fees. So, as soon as he could gracefully do so, he resigned, serving the greater part of a year without compensation.

THERE was one rather important fact, though, that was generally (to some extent, deliberately) overlooked in the uproar. Throughout it all, the miners remained in the pits.

And even while the torrents of abuse were being poured over his head, Styles Bridges could, in all justice, claim a substantial share of the credit for that.

Another important fact that was overlooked was that President Truman himself had fixed the \$35,000-a-year fee for the neutral trustee.

There is an old axiom in Washington that many a successful Senatorial career is made by the Senator's wife; and even more are unmade. On that score, too, the fates that guide the destinies of public office holders have been kind to Styles Bridges.

In 1944, Senator Bridges, then a widower (his first wife, Sally Clement Bridges died in 1938) married Doloris May Thauwald, an administrative assistant in the Department of State and a native of Minnesota.

Mrs. Styles Bridges is an attractive woman with charm, poise, tact, intelligence and a lively interest in national and international affairs. Moreover, she has the rare knack of exercising all of these talents in an entirely unostentatious manner.

Most important, she closely follows all of the important phases of her husband's many political activities, but has the good sense never to intrude in them.

Bridges, like many men of heavy responsibilities, often discusses the problems of his job with his wife.

"But he does not ask my advice, nor do I ever volunteer it," Mrs. Bridges says. "He simply likes to talk things out, for the purpose of clarifying his own thinking. Once in a while he will ask my views on certain subjects, but it is only to keep the conversation going. He never asks for suggestions.

"And I am delighted to be able to help as much as I can, by simply sitting and listening."

Senator Bridges has three sons. The eldest two, Styles, Jr. and David, are Navy veterans. John, the youngest, is now a buck private in the U.S. Army, and it took no political influence, no phone calls to the Secretary of the Army, to get him there. The draft took care of that.

SENATOR BRIDGES is not only the most influential man in the U.S. Senate today, but he also carries the heaviest burden of work. Besides the chairmanship of the full Appropriations Committee, he serves as a member of each of its ten subcommittees and is also chairman of the Subcommittee on State, Justice and Commerce. He is the ranking Republican member of the Senate Armed Services Committee and chairman of its important subcommittee on Aircraft Procurement.

As President Pro Tempore of the Senate he has the obligation of presiding over sessions when the Vice-President is absent (although he frequently delegates that task to another Senator). And in this capacity he is third in the line of succession to the Presidency of the United States.

Senator Bridges has little time these days to engage in the popular controversies that make the headlines and the television screens. His job, day after day, is to deftly wield that scalpel (he rarely swings a meat-axe) on appropriations requests, which saves the taxpayers of the nation literally billions of dollars a year.

It was while Styles Bridges was chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee in 1947, that nine billion dollars was pruned from the Truman budget (and you can still hear faint echoes of the screams that reverberated along the shores of the Potomac) and for the first time since 1930, brought Federal expenditures into balance with income.

On the Senate floor, Bridges makes an impressive, but not pompous, figure. He is a tall, well-built, pleasant looking man who dresses conservatively, is always immaculately groomed, and whose lips frequently twist into an affable, slightly lop-sided grin. He is a skillful, and occasionally fiery, debater.

In the committee rooms he is a persuasive, effective negotiator, usually conciliatory, but, when the need arises, sometimes just as hard as nails. In the Senate cloakroom he is genuinely liked and respected by his colleagues, political friends and political foes alike.

"If you deal the cards off the top of the deck to Styles, he'll deal them off the top of the deck to you," Senator Lyndon B. Johnson, the minority floor leader, once remarked to a colleague. "But if you try to deal them any other way, you will find he's pretty tough at that game, too."

And coming from a poker-playing Texas Democrat to a Republican Yankee from the State of New Hampshire, that is really not such a bad accolade at all.



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- Animal Farm*, by George Orwell, \$1.75. Harcourt Brace & Co., Inc., 383 Madison Avenue, New York.
- Anthem*, by Ayn Rand, \$3.00. The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho.
- Asia Aflame: Communism in the East*, by Van Der Vlugt, \$6.00. Devin-Adair Co., 23 East 26th Street, New York.
- Brain-Washing in Red China*, by Edward Hunter, \$3.75. Vanguard Press, Inc., 424 Madison Avenue, New York.
- Century of Conflict, A*, by Stefan T. Possony, \$7.50. Henry Regnery Company, 20 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago 4, Ill.
- China Story, The*, by Freda Utley, \$3.50. Henry Regnery Company, 20 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago 4, Ill.
- Claims of Sociology, The*, by A. H. Hobbs, \$2.75. Stackpole, Telegraph Press Building, Harrisburg, Pa.
- Communism and Christ*, by Charles Lowry, \$1.75 (paper), \$2.75 (cloth). Morehouse-Gorham Co., Inc., 14 East 41st Street, New York.
- Communist Trail in America, The*, by Jacob Spolansky, \$3.50. Macmillan Company, 60 Fifth Avenue, New York.
- Communism Versus the Negro*, by William A. Nolan, \$3.50. Henry Regnery Company, 20 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago 4, Ill.
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- McCarthy and His Enemies*, by Buckley and Bozell, \$5.00. Henry Regnery Company, 20 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago 4, Ill.
- McCarthyism: The Fight for America*, by Joe McCarthy, \$5.00. Devin-Adair Co., 23 East 26th Street, New York.
- Men Without Faces*, by Louis Francis Budenz, \$3.50. Harper & Brothers, 49 East 33rd Street, New York.

of Recommended Books on Current Affairs

- Negro and the Communist Party, The*, by Wilson Record, \$3.50. University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, North Carolina.
- One Who Survived*, by Alexander Barmine, \$4.00. G. P. Putnam Sons, 210 Madison Avenue, New York.
- Our Secret Allies*, by Eugene Lyons, \$3.50. Little, Brown & Co., 34 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Out of Bondage*, by Elizabeth Bentley, \$3.50. Devin-Adair Co., 23 East 26th Street, New York.
- People's Pottage, The*, by Garet Garrett, \$3.00. The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho.
- Prejudice and the Press*, by Frank Hughes, \$6.00. Devin-Adair Co., 23 East 26th Street, New York.
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- Red Plot Against America*, by Robert Stripling and Bob Considine, \$3.00. Bell Publishing Co., Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania.
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- Secret War for the A-Bomb, The*, by Medford Evans, \$3.95. Henry Regnery Company, 20 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago 4, Ill.
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